

THE
COMPLAINT.
NIGHT THE SEVENTH.
BEING THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
INFIDEL RECLAIMED.
CONTAINING
THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE,
OF
IMMORTALITY.

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P R E F A C E.



AS we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners of France. A land of levity, is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding night, be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betray'd into their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Tho' the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet is it an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible

to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are,—That either God will not, or can not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition, as the former. God certainly can punish, as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment, in a manner, almost incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimaera, to save themselves from the shock, and horror, of an immediate, and absolute despair.

ON reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclin'd than ever to pursue it, as it appear'd to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new (at least to me,) are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

THE gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly

made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity 'tis they are not sincere! if they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt, and abhorrence, their notions would have been received, by those whom they so much admire? what degree of contempt, and abhorrence, would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following manner of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates ('tis well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed; yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment, angry, for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? what could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, tho', perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern 'as became a friend, 'Where he should deposite his remains?' it was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition that he could be so mean, as to have regard for any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal.

THIS fact well consider'd, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candor and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

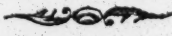
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OF THE

SEVENTH NIGHT.



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THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

HEAV'N gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand, like Mercurys, in ev'ry way;
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldst make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
Thro' various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd) of human fate.
This, earth and skies * already have proclaim'd.
The worlds a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God foretells (who speaks in things,
Still louder that in words) shall dare deny?
If nature's arguments appear too weak,

* Night the Sixth.

Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man.
 If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,
 Can he prove infidel to what he feels?
 He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
 Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee;
 His own indictment; he condemns himself;
 Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
 Or, nature, there, imposing on her sons,
 Has written fables; man was made a lie.

Why discontent for ever harbour'd there?
 Incurable consumption of our peace!
 Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
 He whom sea-fever'd realms obey, and he
 Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
 Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
 Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
 In fate so distant, in complaint so near?

Is it, that things terrestrial can't content?
 Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
 Not so; but to their master is deny'd
 To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease,
 In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
 Where nature fodders him with other food,
 Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
 Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
 Sighs on for something more, when most enjoy'd.
 Is heav'n then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
 Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
 In part, remote; for that remoter part
 Man bleats from instinct, tho', perhaps, debauch'd
 By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
 The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!

His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is immortality.

Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of heav'n,
Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious foreigners, distrest, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou congratulate the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the sceptic in his head the lie.

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our powers,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies:
Unripen'd these, in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake;
And for this land of trifles those too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life;
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our passions heav'n ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: blest heav'n! avert
A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss;
O for a bliss unbounded! far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our pow'rs to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all

Flows in at once; in ages they no more
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
 Were man to live coeval with the sun,
 The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
 Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearn't.
 Men perish in advance, as if the sun
 Should set e'er noon, in eastern ocean drown'd;
 If fit, with dim, illustrious to compare,
 The sun's meridian, with the soul of man.
 To man, why, stepdame nature! so severe?
 Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
 While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
 Or, if abortively poor man must die,
 Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread?
 Why curst with foresight? wise to misery?
 Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
 Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
 His immortality alone can tell;
 Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
 And turn the scale in favour of the just.

His immortality alone can solve
 That darkest of enigmas, human hope;
 Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
 Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
 All present blessings treading under-foot,
 Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
 With no past toils content, still planning new,
 Hope turn us o'er to death alone for ease.
 Possession, why, more tasteless than pursuit;
 Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
 That wish accomplished, why, the grave of bliss
 Because, in the great future bury'd deep,

Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lyes all that man with ardor should pursue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart th'ALMIGHTY to the future sets,
By secret and inviolable springs;
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
'More, more!' the glutton cries: for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend. He starves on the possess.
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme? because he could no higher fly;
His riot was ambition in despair.

Old Rome consulted birds; Lorenzo! thou
With more success, the flight of hope survey;
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.

'There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.
Why virtue? where its praise, its being, fled?'
Virtue is true self-interest pursu'd:
What true self-interest of quite-mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy here.
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our sov'reign good.

In self-applause is virtue's golden prize;
 No self-applause attends it on thy scheme:
 Whence self-applause? from conscience of the right.
 And what is right, but means of happiness?
 No means of happiness when virtue yields;
 'That basis failing, falls the building too,
 And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
 So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
 Is weak; with rank knight-errandries o'er-run.
 Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
 Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
 Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
 Die for thy country?—thou romantic fool!
 Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
 Thy country! what to thee?—the Godhead; what?
 (I speak with awe!) tho' he should bid thee bleed
 If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,
 Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
 Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!
 Whate'er th'ALMIGHTY's subsequent command,
 His first command is this:—'Man, love thyself.'
 In this alone, free-agents are not free.
 Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
 If virtue costs existence, 'tis a crime;
 Bold violation of our law supreme,
 Black suicide; tho' nations, which consult
 Their gain, at thy expence, resound applause.

Since virtue's recompence is doubtful, here,
 If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
 Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?

Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers nature lies on virtue part?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on heart,
Or both are true; or man survives the grave,

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought)
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for worth, whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out to stench, and rottenness the close?

Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
 And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
 The Mind ALMIGHTY? Could it be, that fate,
 Just when the lineaments began to shine,
 And dawn the DEITY, should snatch the draught,
 With night eternal blot it out, and give
 The skies alarm, lest angels too might die?

If human souls, why not angelic too
 Extinguish'd? and a solitary God,
 O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
 Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
 The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
 From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
 And there, where last his judgment fears a flaw.
 Wisdom and worth, how boldly he commends!
 Wisdom and worth, are sacred names; rever'd,
 Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
 Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
 Both are calamities, inflicted both,
 To make us but more wretch'd: Wisdom's eye
 Acute, for what? to spy more miseries;
 And worth, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
 Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
 And worth exalted humbles us the more.
 Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
 Weakness, and vice, the refuge of mankind.

'Has virtue, then, no joys?'—Yes, joys dear-bought.
 Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
 Virtue, and vice, are at eternal war.
 Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
 Or for precarious, or for small reward?
 Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,

Would take degrees angelic here below,
 And virtue, while they compliment betray,
 By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
 The crown, th' unfading crown, her soul inspires:
 'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
 The body's treach'ries, and the world's assaults:
 On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
 Truth incontestible! in spite of all
 A BAYLE has preach'd, or a V——E believ'd.

In man the more we dive, the more we see
 Heav'n's signet stamping an immortal make.
 Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
 Sustaining all; what find we? knowledge, love.
 As light, and heat, essential to the sun,
 These to the soul. And why, if souls expire?
 How little lovely here? how little known?
 Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil;
 And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
 Why starv'd, on earth, our angel-appetites;
 While brutal are indulg'd their fulsome fill?
 Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
 As a mock diadem, in savage sport,
 Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
 Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
 In future age lyes no redress? and shuts
 Eternity the door on our complaint?
 If so, for what strange ends were mortals made!
 The worst to wallow, and the best to weep;
 The man who merits most, must most complain:
 Can we conceive a disregard in heav'n,
 What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?
 This cannot be. To love, and know, in man

Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
 And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
 Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heaven suits in all;
 Nor, nature thro', e'er violates this sweet,
 Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
 Is man the sole exception from her laws?
 Eternity struck off from human hope,
 (I speak with truth, but veneration too)
 Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,
 A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
 On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
 (Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
 If such is man's allotment, what is heaven?
 Or own the soul immortal, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
 All order. Go, mock majesty! go, man!
 And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
 Thro' ev'ry scene of sense superior far:
 They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
 Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
 With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;
 Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dower!
 No foreign clime they ransack for their robes;
 Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
 Their good is good entire, unmixed, unmarr'd;
 They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
 On boughs forbidden where no curses hang:
 Their ill, no more than strikes the sense; unbretht
 By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
 When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
 Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but once;
 Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which

Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole and sweet solution! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here: admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion: hope exults;
And tho' much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.
O wherefore is the DEITY so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart?—For there
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain!
Canst thou suspect, that these, which make the soul
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
Canst thou suspect what makes us disbelieve
Our immortality, should prove it sure?

First, then, ambition summon to the bar.
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak.

Each much depose; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul, how passionately fond of fame!
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Tho' for best deeds, and from the best of men;
And why? because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul;
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.

Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, refund.
We wish our names eternally to live:
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Concern'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
'And is this all?' cry'd CAESAR at his height.
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,

Observe him near, your envy will abate;
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown.
And why? because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.

And can ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by some reputed wise.
Tho' disappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' success disgusts; yet still, Lorenzo!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but unsound:
Sooner that hero's sword the world had quell'd,
Than reason, his ambition. Man must soar.
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts,
And cry,—“ Behold the wonders of my might!”
And why? Because immortal as their lord;
And souls immortal must forever have
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.
Nor absolutely vain is human praise,
When human is supported by divine.

I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself:
 Pleasure and pride (bad masters!) share our hearts.
 As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
 The love of praise is planted to protect,
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it, but the love of praise, inspires,
 Mature, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness? from that, the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous, of civil life.
 Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
 The basis, on which love of glory builds.
 Nor is thy life, O Virtue! less in debt
 To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
 Were men not proud, what merit should we miss!
 Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
 And whets his appetite for moral good.
 Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard;
 Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
 Our private reason is a flatterer;
 Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
 Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still;
 Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
 These delicate moralities of sense;
 This constitutional reserve of aid
 To succour virtue, when our reason fails;
 If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
 And, oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
 When labour'd to maturity (its bill

Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?
Why freighted rich, to dash against a rock?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how mispent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame?
Where are heav'n's holiness and mercy fled?
Laughs heav'n, at once, at virtue, and at man?
If not, why that discourag'd, this destroy'd?

Thus far ambition. What says avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine:
'The wise and wealthy are the same.'—I grant it.
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, this his highest praise.
To this great end keen instinct stings him on.
To guide that instinct, reason! is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind industry,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Provides for an eternity below.

'Thou shalt not covet,' is a wise command;
But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:
Look farther, the command stand quite revers'd,
And avarice is a virtue most divine.
Is faith a refuge for our happiness?
Most sure: and is it not for reason too?
Nothing this world unriddles, but the next.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?

From inextinguishable life in man:
 Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the skies,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
 Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice:
 Yet still their root is immortality.
 These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
 (Pain and reproach!) religion can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
 And falsely promises an Eden here:
 Truth she shall speak for once, tho' prone to lie,
 A common cheat, and Pleasure is her name.
 To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf;
 Then hear her now, now first thy real friend.

Since nature made us not more fond than proud
 Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy!
 Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!)
 Why should the joy most poignant sense affords,
 Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—
 Those heav'n-born blushes tell us man descends,
 Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliss:
 Should reason take her infidel repose,
 This honest instinct speaks our lineage high;
 This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
 Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
 Our glory covers us with noble shame,
 And he that's unconfounded, is unmann'd.
 The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.
 Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I close,
 Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made;
 But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;

Pleasure, which neither blushes, nor expires.

The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;
Let conscience file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey:
Thus, seal'd by truth, th' authentic record runs.

' Know, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
' 'Tis immortality your nature solves;
' 'Tis immortality decyphers man,
' And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
' Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
' Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
' His very crimes attest his dignity;
' His fateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
' Declares him born for blessings infinite:
' What less than infinite, makes un-absurd
' Passions, which all on earth but more inflames?
' Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to this scene,
' Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our nest,
' Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
' For earth too large, preface a nobler flight,
' And evidence our title to the skies.'

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from hell!
Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their mistress, not their mother. All
(And justly) reason deem divine: I see,
I feel a grandeur in the passions too,
Which speaks their high descent and glorious end;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In paradise itself they burnt as strong,

Ere Adam fell; tho' wiser in their aim.
 Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence,
 What tho' our passions are run mad, and stoop
 With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
 On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?
 Yet still, thro' their disgrace, no feeble ray
 Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
 But these (like that fallen monarch when reclaim'd)
 When reason moderates the rein aright,
 Shall re-ascend, re-mount their former sphere,
 Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
 By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,
 And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their phrenzy lasts; their phrenzy fails
 To disappoint one providential end,
 For which heav'n blew up ardour in our hearts:
 Were reason silent, boundless passion speaks.
 A future scene of boundless objects too,
 And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
 Eternal day! 'tis that enlightens all;
 And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it sure.
 Consider man as an immortal being,
 Intelligible all; and all is great;
 A crystalline transparency prevails,
 And strikes full lustre, thro' the human sphere;
 Consider man as mortal, all is dark,
 And wretched; reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, ' and let her weep,
 ' Weak, modern reason: antient times were wise.
 ' Authority, that venerable guide,
 ' Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch.
 ' (And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)

'Deny'd this immortality to man.'

I grant it; but affirm, they prov'd it too.

A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring thro' their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?

Fable is flat to these high-season'd fires;

They leave th' extravagance of song below.

'Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy

'The dagger, or the rack; to them, alike

'A bed of roses, or the burning bull.'

In men exploding all beyond the grave,

Strange doctrine, this! As doctrine, it was strange;

But not, as prophecy; for such it prov'd,

And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:

They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.

The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame:

The Stoic saw, in double wonder lost,

Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,

To find the bold adventures of his thought

Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? those tow'ring thoughts,
that flew

Such monstrous heights?—From instinct, and from pride,

The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,

Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,

Suggested truths they could not understand.

In lusts dominion, and in passion's storm,

Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,

As light in chaos, glimm'ring thro' the gloom;

Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,

Pleas'd pride proclaim'd, what reason disbeliev'd,

Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
 Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to the future sense,
 When life immortal, in full day, should shine;
 And death's dark shadows fly the gospel sun.
 They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls
 Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.
 Can then absurdities, as well as crimes,
 Speak man immortal? all things speak him so.
 Much has been urg'd; and dost thou call for more?
 Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
 All unresolvable, if earth is all.

Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?

- ' Our wish, eternity? Our home, the grave?
- ' Heav'n's promise dormant lyes in human hope;
- ' Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
- ' Why happiness pursu'd, tho' never found?
- ' Man's thirst of happiness declares it is
- ' (For nature never gravitates to nought;)
- ' That thirst unquencht declares It is not here.
- ' My Lucia, thy Clarissa, call to thought;
- ' Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
- ' As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
- ' If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
- ' Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
- ' Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense?
- ' Why past, and future, preying on our hearts?
- ' And putting all our present joys to death?
- ' Why labours reason? instinct were as well;
- ' Instinct, far better? what can chuse, can err:
- ' O how infallible the thoughtless brute!
- ' 'Twere well his holiness were half as sure.
- ' Reason with inclination, why at war?

Why sense of guilt? Why conscience up in arms?

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,

And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.

Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,

If nothing future paid forbearance here.

v'd. Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,

All promise, some ensure, a second scene;

Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far

Than all things else most certain; were it false,

What truth on earth so precious as the lie?

This world it gives us, let what will ensue;

This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope:

The future of the present is the soul:

How this life groans, when sever'd from the next?

Poor, mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!

By dark distrust, his being cut in two,

In both parts perishes; life void of joy,

Had prelude of eternity in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail

Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out

My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!

Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,

Abhor'd ANNIHILATION! blasts the soul,

And wide extends the bounds of human woe!

Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,

In this black channel would my ravings run.

' Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere-while.

The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!

Strange import of unprecedented ill!

Fall, how profound! like LUCIFER's, the fall!

Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!

' From where fond hope built her pavilion high,
 ' The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
 ' To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
 ' If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe,
 ' Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
 ' O for delusion! O for error still!
 ' Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
 ' A thinking being in a world like this,
 ' Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;
 ' More curst than at the fall?—The sun goes out!
 ' The thorns shoot up! what thorns, in ev'ry thought!
 ' Why sense of better! it imbitters worse.
 ' Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
 ' To what I was! Twice nothing! and much woe!
 ' Woe, from heav'n's bounties! Woe, from what was wont
 ' To flatter most, high intellectual powers.
 'Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme,
 ' All-poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
 ' My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
 ' To know myself, true wisdom?—No, to shun
 ' That shocking science, parent of despair!
 ' Avert thy mirror: if I see, I die.
 ' Know my Creator? climb his blest abode
 ' By painful speculation, pierce the vale,
 ' Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
 ' And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
 ' Obtruding life, with-holding happiness!
 ' From the full rivers that surround his throne,
 ' Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
 ' Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
 ' To curse his birth, nor envy reptils more!
 ' Ye fable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!

Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
 Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
 Now leagu'd with furies, and with * thee, against me.
 ' Know his achievements? study his renown?
 Contemplate this amazing universe,
 Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
 For what? 'mid miracles of nobler name,
 To find one miracle of misery?
 To find the being, which alone can know
 And praise his works, a blemish on his praise?
 Thro' nature's ample range, in thought, to stroll,
 And start at man, the single mourner there,
 Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death!
 ' Knowing is suff'ring; and shall virtue share
 The sigh of knowledge?—virtue shares the sigh.
 ' By straining up the steep of excellent,
 ' By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
 ' What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
 ' Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
 ' With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?
 ' Merit is madness; virtue is a crime;
 ' A crime to reason, if it costs us pain
 ' Unpaid: what pain, amidst a thousand more,
 ' To think the most abandon'd, after days
 ' Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 ' As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay!
 ' Duty! religion!—these, our duty done,
 ' Imply reward. Religion is mistake.
 ' Duty!—there's none, but to repel the cheat.
 ' Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!

* Lorenzo.

- ‘ Who feign yourselves the fav’rites of the skies:
- ‘ Ye tow’ring hopes! abortive energies!
- ‘ That tofs, and struggle, in my lying breast,
- ‘ To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
- ‘ As I were heir of an eternity.
- ‘ Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
- ‘ Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
- ‘ As bounded as my being, be my wish.
- ‘ All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.
- ‘ Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us on;
- ‘ And, ignorance! befriend us on our way;
- ‘ Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace!
- ‘ Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
- ‘ Since, as the brute, we die. The sum of man,
- ‘ Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.
- ‘ But not on equal terms with other brutes:
- ‘ Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
- ‘ And safer too; they never poisons chuse.
- ‘ Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals,
- ‘ And sends all marring murmur far away.
- ‘ For sensual life they best philosophize;
- ‘ Theirs, that serene, the fages sought in vain:
- ‘ ’Tis man alone expostulates with heav’n;
- ‘ His, all the pow’r, and all the cause, to mourn.
- ‘ Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
- ‘ And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?
- ‘ The wide stretcht realm of intellectual woe,
- ‘ Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
- ‘ In life so fatally distinguish’d, why
- ‘ Cast in one lot, confounded, lump’t, in death?
- ‘ Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
- ‘ Why thunder’d this peculiar clause against us,

All-mortal, and all-wretched!—have the skies
Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
Nor humbly reason, when they sorely sigh?
All-mortal, and all-wretched!—'tis too much;
Unparallel'd in nature: 'tis too much
On being unrequested at thy hands,
Omnipotent! for I see nought but power.
' And why see that? why thought? to toil, and eat,
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are reas'ning souls!
Oh give eternity! or thought destroy.
But without thought our curse were half-unfelt;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
And, therefore, 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason!
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashioned, untormented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrenzy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying, life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
' Death, then, has chang'd its nature too: O death!
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bower,

- ' To pay me with its honey for my stings?
 ' If needful to the selfish schemes of heaven
 ' To sting us fore, why mockt our misery?
 ' Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
 ' Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
 ' Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?
 ' At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
 ' These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
 ' Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
 ' Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with flowers,
 ' And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
 ' That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
 ' And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
 ' Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
 ' For such delights! Blest animals! too wise
 ' To wonder; and too happy to complain!
 ' Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene:
 ' Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd?
 ' Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 ' For man to howl in? why not his abode
 ' Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
 ' A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expence
 ' Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 ' As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 ' Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;
 ' If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 ' While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 ' The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
 ' And, round us, Death's inexorable hand
 ' Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
 ' Undrawn no more!—behind the cloud of death,
 ' Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt

' That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
 ' How the grave's alter'd! fathomless, as hell!
 ' A real hell to those who dreamt of heaven.
 ' Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
 ' Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
 ' The privilege of angels, and of worms,
 ' An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
 ' This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 ' This particle of energy divine,
 ' Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 ' And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
 ' For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
 ' Death of that death I fearless once survey'd!—
 ' When horror universal shall descend,
 ' And heav'n's dark concave urn all human race,
 ' On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 ' How just this verse! this monumental sigh,
 ' Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds
 ' Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
 ' Swept ignominious to the common mass
 ' Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
 ' Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heav'n!
 ' The lords of earth! the property of worms!
 ' Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
 ' Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
 ' All gone to rot in chaos; or, to make
 ' Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
 ' Nor longer fully their Creator's name.'

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
 Just is this history? If such is man,
 Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
 And dares Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;

For once let pride befriend thee; pride looks pale
 At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
 Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
 And art thou then a shadow? less than shade?
 A nothing? less than nothing? to have been,
 And not to be, is lower than unborn.
 Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
 Thine equal? Runs thy taste of pleasure high?
 Why patronize sure death of ev'ry joy?
 Charm riches? why chuse begg'ry in the grave,
 Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
 Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
 To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
 They * lately prov'd, thy soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of? rather, how unmade?
 Great Nature's master-appetite destroy'd!
 Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
 Or both wish'd, here, where neither can be found?
 Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heav'n!
 Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on earth,
 But a long train of transitory forms,
 Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
 Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
 In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
 Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
 Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race?
 Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee:
 Oh! spare this waste of being-half-divine;
 And vindicate th' œconomy of Heav'n.

Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy:

* In the Sixth Night.

never had created, but to bliss:
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy so to be?
Heav'n starts at an annihilating God.

Is that, all nature starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Of Nature, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drank?
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's first wish is endless happiness;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies enclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? the darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme
Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
And deities begun, reduc'd to dust?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Through time's rough billows into night's abyss.
Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
Is there no rock, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,

And boldly think it something to be born?
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
 All-realizing, all-connecting pow'r,
 Which, as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
 And force destruction to refund her spoil?
 Command the grave restore her taken prey?
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted there?
 Is there no potentate, whose out-stretch'd arm,
 When rip'ning time calls forth th' appointed hour,
 Pluckt from foul devastation's famish'd maw,
 Binds present, past, and future to his throne?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
 By germinating beings clust'ring round!
 A garland worthy the Divinity!
 A throne, by Heav'n's omnipotence in smiles,
 Built (like a Pharos tow'ring in the waves)
 Amidst immense effusions of his love!
 An ocean of communicated bliss!
 An all-prolific, all-preserving God!
 This were a God indeed.—And such is man,
 As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
 Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
 Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
 Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
 That ever animated human clay,
 Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
 Will the swarm settle?—When the trumpet's call,
 As sounding brass, collects us, round Heav'n's throne
 Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,

Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever,
Had not the soul this outlet to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd hope expire!

How bright my prospect shines! how gloomy thine!
A trembling world! and a devouring God!

Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heav'n's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being lost. Lorenzo! can it be?

This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial, but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?

The greater such a joy, the more it pains.
A world, so far from great (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being, a shadow! consciousness, a dream!
A dream, how dreadful! universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

Lorenzo! dost thou feel these arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?
How dar'd indict him of a world like this?
If such the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime, but cause of misery?

Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle this,
Of endless arguments above, below,
Without us, and within, the short result——
'If man's immortal, there's a God in heav'n.'

But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets my soul at rest;
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at heart.
So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; that, or succeeding scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

'What an old tale is this!' Lorenzo cries——
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and fable
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
Heav'n's highest blessing, vengeance: O be wise!
Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know'st thou what it is? or what thou art?
Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory; worlds on worlds
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

For this, believe not me; no man believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme; nor his, a few;
Consult them all; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
For whom Omnipotence has wak'd so long;

Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
(All nature how, while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for this sole end,
To rescue souls from death? the soul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The soul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of ev'ry deed divine:
That, is the chain of ages, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design:
That, is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The natural, civil, or religious, world;
The former two, but servants to the third:
To that, their duty done, they both expire,
Their mass new-cast, forgot their deeds renown'd;
And angels ask, ' Where once they shone so fair?'
To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This soul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for this glorious end
The Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke;
The world was made, was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;
On earth kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the Pagan world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Thro' distant age; saints travell'd; martyr's bled;
By wonders sacred nature stood controul'd;

The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
 Angels, and more than angels, came from heav'n;
 And, oh! for this, descended lower still;
 Gilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
 For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
 Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—for this,
 That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
 Of all these truths thrice-venerable code!
 Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
 Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent infernal powers
 To mar, than those of light, this end to gain.
 O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake;
 Rise to the thought; exert, expand, thy soul
 To take the vast idea: it denies
 All else the name of great. Two warring worlds,
 Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds,
 Of more than mortal! mounted on the wing!
 On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
 High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife!
 This sublunary ball—but strife, for what?
 In their own cause conflicting? No; in thine,
 In man's. His single int'rest blows the flame;
 His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
 Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
 Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
 Force force opposing, till the waves run high,
 And tempest nature's universal sphere.
 Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern.
 Such foes implacable, are good, and ill;
 Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them
 Think not this fiction. 'There was war in heav'n.'

From heav'n's high crystal mbuntain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's out-stretcht arm took down his bow,
And shot his indignation at the deep:
Re-thunder'd hell, and darted all her fires.—
And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers man, who singly caus'd the storm?
He sleeps.—And art thou shockt at mysteries?
The greatest thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardor, care, and counsel, mortals cause
In breasts divine! how little in their own!

Where-e'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me!
How happily this wond'rous view supports
My former argument! how strongly strikes
Immortal life's full demonstration, here!
Why this exertion? why this strange regard
From Heav'n's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Because, in man, the glorious, dreadful pow'r,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for ever.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence, heav'n looks down on earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:
Hence, ev'ry soul has partisans above,
And ev'ry thought a critic in the skies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And ev'ry guard a passion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid.
 Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
 And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
 In various modes of emphasis and awe,
 He spoke his will, and trembling nature heard;
 He spoke it loud, in thunder, and in storm.
 Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
 And shaken basis, own'd the present God:
 Witness, ye billows! whose returning tide,
 Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
 Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
 Witness, ye flames! th'Assyrian tyrant blew
 To sev'nfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
 And thou, earth! witness, whose expanding jaws
 Clos'd o'er * presumption's sacrilegious sons:
 Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
 The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wife?
 Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
 To strike this truth, through adamantin man?
 If not all-adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
 All is delusion; nature is wrapt up,
 In tenfold night, from reason's keenest eye;
 There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
 In all beneath the sun, in all above,
 (As far as man can penetrate) or heav'n
 Is an immense, inestimable prize;
 Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
 And shall each toy be still a match for heav'n?
 And full equivalent for groans below?
 Who would not give a trifle to prevent

* Korah, &c.

What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?

Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine, to see)
All nature, and her God by nature's course,
And nature's course controul'd declare for me:
The skies above proclaim 'Immortal man!'
And, 'Man immortal!' all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read, by the greatest strangers to the schools;
If honest, learn'd; and sages o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy reason, and thy sense; or to believe?
What then is unbelief? 'tis an exploit;
A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man
Must burst through ev'ry bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, repentance; infamy his crown.

But wherefore, infamy?—For want of faith,
Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides;
There's nothing to support him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
In embryo, ev'ry weakness, ev'ry guilt,
And strong temptation ripens into birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country fold, his father slain?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
And his supreme, his only good is here.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,
And think a turf, or tombstone, covers all:
These find employment, and provide for sense

A richer pasture, and a larger range;
 And sense by sight divine ascends the throne,
 When virtue's prize and prospect are no more;
 Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
 Would heav'n quite beggar virtue, if belov'd?

‘Has Virtue charms?’—I grant her heav’nly fair;
 But if unportion’d, all will int’rest wed;
 Tho’ that our admiration, this our choice.
 The virtues grow on immortality;
 That root destroy’d, they wither and expire.
 A Deity believ’d, will nought avail;
 Rewards and punishments make God ador’d;
 And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.
 As in the dying parent dies the child,
 Virtue, with immortality expires.
 Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
 Whate’er his boast, has told me, he’s a knave.
 His duty ’tis, to love himself alone;
 Nor care tho’ mankind perish, if he smiles.
 Who thinks ere-long the man shall wholly die,
 Is dead already; nought but brute survives.

And are there such?—Such candidates there are
 For more than death; for utter loss of being,
 Being, the basis of the DEITY!
 Ask you the cause?—the cause the will not tell;
 Nor need they: oh the forceries of sense!
 They work this transformation on the soul,
 Dismount her like the serpent at the fall,
 Dismount her from her native wing (which soar’d
 Ere-while ethereal heights) and throw her down,
 To lick the dust, and crawl, in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall’n!

Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!
 Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
 Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
 Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
 Boasters of liberty, fast-bound in chains!
 Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
 More senseless than th' irrationals you scorn!
 More base than those you rule! than those you pity,
 Far more undone! O ye most infamous
 Of beings, from superior dignity!
 Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
 Ye curst by blessings infinite! Because
 Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
 Ye motly mafs of contradiction strong!
 And are you, too, convinc'd your souls fly off
 In exhalation soft, and die in air,
 From the full flood of evidence against you?
 In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of sense,
 Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven,
 By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:
 But tho' you can deform, you can't destroy;
 To curse, not uncreate, is all your pow'r.

Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
 Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
 Ere rapt by miracle, by reason wing'd,
 His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
 This is freethinking, unconfin'd to parts,
 To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
 Thro' all the provinces of human thought;
 To dart her flight, thro' the whole sphere of man;
 Of this vast universe to make the tour;
 In each recess of space and time, at home;

Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
 And, like a prince of boundless int'rests there,
 Still most ambitious of the most remote;
 To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
 Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
 By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
 An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
 Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
 Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
 More firm; who most examine most believe.
 Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the whole
 Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
 Who not in fragments writes to human race:
 Read his whole volume, sceptic! then reply.

This, this, is thinking free, a thought that grasps
 Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
 Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene;
 What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs.
 Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
 And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man?
 Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
 And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
 In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
 For ampler orbs; for new creations, there.
 Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
 A point of no dimension, of no weight?
 It can; it does: the world is such a point:
 And, of that point, how small a part enslaves!

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?
 Why not?—friends, our chief treasure! how they d.
 Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
 The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd

A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
 Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
 How the world falls to pieces round about us,
 And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
 What says this transportation of my friends?
 It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
 And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
 Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee;
 There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa fails.
 Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
 That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
 Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
 Eye thy great pole-star; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has double-natur'd man,
 And two of death; the last far more severe.
 Life animal is nurtur'd by the sun;
 Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams,
 Life rational subsists on higher food,
 Triumphant in his beams, who made the day,
 When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
 (The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
 'Tis utter darkness; strictly double death.
 We sink by no judicial stroke of heaven,
 But nature's course; as sure as plumbets fall.
 Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
 (Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere,)
 'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! who must change.

If, then, that double death should prove thy lot,
 Blame not the bowels of the DEITY;
 Man shall be blest, as far as man permits.
 Not man alone, all rationals, heav'n arms

With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
 To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
 And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
 That pow'r deny'd, men, angels, wert no more,
 But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
 A nature rational implies the power
 Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
 Else idle reason would have nought to do;
 And he that would be barr'd capacity
 Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
 Heav'n wills our happiness, allows our doom;
 Invites us ardently, but not compels;
 Heav'n but persuades, almighty man decrees;
 Man is the maker of immortal fates.
 Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
 And fall he must, who learns from death alone,
 The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee? thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
 Of second life? but wherefore doubtful still?
 Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:
 What ardently we wish, we soon believe:
 Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd:
 What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee, what?
 When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wisht;
 And, when unwisht, we strive to disbelieve.
 'Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.'
 Nor that the sole detection! blush, Lotenzo!
 Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
 The future fear'd?—an infidel, and fear?
 Fear what? a dream? a fable?—How thy dread,
 Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong,

Affords my canse an undesign'd support?

How disbelief affirms, what it denies?

'It, unawares, asserts immortal life.'—

Surprising! infidelity turns out

A creed, and a confession of our sins:

Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.

Lorenzo! with Lorenzo clash no more;

Nor longer a transparent vizor wear.

Think'st thou, religion only has her mask?

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, fail.

When visited by thought (thought will intrude)

Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this?

So fatal to the welfare of the world?

What detestation, what contempt, their due!

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.

If not for that asylum, they might find

A hell on earth; nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,

Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result?

Can thy proud reason brook so black a brand?

From purer manners, to sublimer faith,

Is nature's unavoidable ascent;

An honest deist, where the gospel shines,

Matur'd to nobler, in the Christian ends.

When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside

This song superfluous; life immortal strikes

Conviction, in a flood of light divine.

A Christian dwells, like * **URIEL**, in the sun;
 Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight,
 And ardent hope anticipates the skies.
 Of that bright sun, **LORENZO**! scale the sphere;
 'Tis easy; it invites thee; it descends
 From heav'n to woo, and waft thee whence it came:
 Read and revere the sacred page; a page
 Where triumphs immortality; a page
 Which not the whole creation could produce;
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy;
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost:
 'Tis printed in the mind of gods forever,
 In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
 Dost smile?—poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
 Angels, and men, assent to what I sing;
 Wits smile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
 How vicious hearts sume frenzy to the brain!
 Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
 Pert infidelity is wits cockade,
 To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
 By loss of being, dreadfully secure.
LORENZO! if thy doctrine wins the day,
 And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
 If this is all, if earth a final scene,
 Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a knave;
 A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right:
 Shouldst thou be good—how infinite thy loss!
 Guilt only makes annihilation gain.
 Blest scheme! which life deprives of comfort, death
 Of hope; and which Vice only, recommends,

If so; where, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? where your lofty boast
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?

ANNIHILATION! I confess, in these.

What can reclaim you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a song?

Yet know, its * title flatters you, not me;

Yours be the praise to make my title good;

Mine, to bless heav'n, and triumph in your praise.

But since so pestilential your disease,

Tho' sov'reign is the med'cine I prescribe,

As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair:

But hope, ere long, my midnight dream will wake

Your hearts, and teach your wisdom—to be wise:

For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,

E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?

What ne'er can die, oh! grant to live; and crown

The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;

Increase, and enter on the joys of heaven:

Thus shall my title pass a sacred seal,

Receive an *imprimatur* from above,

While angels shout—' An infidel reclaim'd!'

To close, LORENZO! spite of all my pains,

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?

This is a miracle; and that no more.

Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.

Deny thou art: then, doubt if thou shalt be.

A miracle with miracles inclos'd,

A man: and starts his faith at what is strange?

* The Infidel reclaimed.

What less than wonders, from the wonderful;
 What less than miracles, from God, can flow?
 Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
 That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
 Nothing is marvellous for him to do:
 Deny him—all is mystery besides;
 Millions of mysteries! each darker far,
 Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
 If weak thy faith, why chuse the harder side?
 We nothing know, but what is marvellous;
 Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
 So weak our reason, and so great our God,
 What most surprises in the sacred page,
 Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
 Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

To faith, and virtue, why so backward man?
 From hence:—the present strongly strikes us all;
 The future, faintly: can we, then, be men?
 If men, LORENZO! the reverse is right.
 Reason is man's peculiar: sense, the brute's.
 The present is the scanty realm of sense;
 The future, reason's empire unconfin'd:
 On that expending all her godlike pow'r,
 She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there;
 There, builds her blessings! there, expects her praise;
 And nothing asks of fortune, or of men.
 And what is reason? Be she, thus, defin'd;
 Reason is upright stature in the soul.
 Oh! be a man;—and strive to be a god.

' For what? (thou say'st:) to damp the joys of life?
 No; to give heart and substance to thy joys.
 That tyrant, hope; mark, how she domineers;

She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
 Safety, and peace, for hazard, and alarm;
 That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
 She bids ambition quit its taken prize,
 Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits,
 Tho' bearing crowns, to spring at distant games;
 And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
 If hope precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
 Of little moment, and as little stay,
 Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
 What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
 Our leave unask'd? rich hope of boundless bliss!
 Bliss, past man's pow'r to paint it; time's, to close!

This hope is earth's most estimable prize:
 This is man's portion, while no more than man:
 Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here.
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
 Joy has her tears; and transport has her death;
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
 Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenest;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
 'Tis all, our present state can safely bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 A joy attempt'd! a chastis'd delight!
 Like the fair summer-ev'ning, mild, and sweet!

'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!
 A blest hereafter, then, or hop'd, or gain'd,
 Is all;—our whole of happiness: full proof,
 I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.
 And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
 Tho' quite forgotten * half your Bible's praise!)

* The poetical parts of it.

Important truths, in spite of verse, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much;
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen;—and be graver still.

THE
COMPLAINT.
NIGHT THE EIGHTH.
VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR,

The MAN of the WORLD answered.

In which are considered,

The LOVE of this LIFE;

The AMBITION and PLEASURE, with the WIT and
WISDOM of the WORLD.

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THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead against thee?
And is thy soul immortal?—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo; make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals! what can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects the world;
There, stows his treasure; thence, his title draws,
"Man of the world!" (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days; and Christian,—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of heav'n,
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy,
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Rain wou'd I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song;
To thee, the world how fair! how strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay pleasure stronger still!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt, that lays,

Thy virtue dead! be these my triple theme;
Nor shall thy wit, or wisdom, be forgot.

Common the theme; not so the song; if she
My song invokes, Urania, deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars, shall shine.
Unnumber'd suns (for all things as they are,
The blest behold;) and, in one glory, pour
Their blendid blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
A blaze;—the least illustrious object there.

Lorenzo! since eternal is at hand,
To swallow times ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our highest? O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What tow'ring hopes, what fallies from the sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity! in bosoms read
By him, who foibles in archangels sees!
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heav'n's register inrolls,
The rise, and progress, of each option there;
Sacred to doomday! that the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and this, unrivall'd by the skies!

A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three dæmons that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle, sick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious promise angels were esteem'd
Too mean to bring: a promise, their ador'd
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;
What unfeign'd travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantastic chace, of shadows hunting shades!
The gay, the busy, equal, tho' unlike;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of bus'ness tell us—'what are men;'
The scenes of pleasure—'what is all beside.'
There, others we despise, and here ourselves,
Amid disgust eternal, dwells delight?
Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wond'rous prize has kindled this career,
 Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust,
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
 The proud run up and down in quest of eyes;
 The sensual, in pursuit of something worse:
 The grave, of gold; the politic, of power;
 And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
 How is man's heart by vanity drawn in?
 On the swift circle of returning toys,
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd,
 Where gay delusion darkens to despair!

'This is a beaten track,'—Is this a track
 Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
 Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.
 Shall truth be silent, because folly frowns?
 'Turn the world's history; what find we there,
 But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,
 Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
 And endless inhumanities on man?
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
 It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
 Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!
 Man is the tale of narrative old Time;
 Sad tale; which high as Paradise begins;
 As if, the toil of travel to delude,
 From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
 The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours
 On fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
 Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
 Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
 With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between;

And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us;

Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:

While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,

They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much

Of amiable; but hold him not o'erwise,

Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,

At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,

Confiding, tho' confounded; hoping on,

Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof;

And ever looking for the never-seen.

Life to the last, like harden'd felons lyes;

Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.

Its little joys go out by one and one,

And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;

Night darker, than what, now, involves the pole.

O thou, who dost permit these ills to fall,

For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should mourn!

O thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,

Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should know!

What is this sublunary world? A vapour;

A vapour all it holds; itself, a vapour,

From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam

Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour

In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.

Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;

As mortal, tho' less transient, than her sons;

Yet they doat on her, as the world and they

Were both eternal, solid; THOU, a dream.

They doat, on what? immortal views apart,

A region of outsidcs! a land of shadows!

A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!

A wilderness of joys! perplex'd with doubts,
 And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread
 With bold adventurers, their all on board;
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
 Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
 Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
 All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears;
 In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm;
 And stormy the most general blast of life:
 All bound for happiness; yet few provide
 The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
 Or virtue's helm, to shape the course design'd;
 All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now reforc'd,
 And farther from their wishes, than before:
 All, more or less, against each other dash,
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven.
 And suffering more from folly, than from fate:

Océan! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
 Death's capital, where most he domineers.
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
 (Tho' lately feasted high at * Albion's cost)
 Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life!
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All, in some darling enterprize embarkt.
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate;
They strike; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, most; some sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Caesar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born,
Darlings of providence! fond fate's elect!
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet ev'n these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
A fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
To ruin end; and now, their proud success

But plants new terrors on the victor's brow;
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
 From mortal man,) and fortune at our nod,
 'The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
 What are they?—the most happy (strange to say!)
 Convince me most of human misery:
 What are they?—Smiling wretches of to-morrow!
 More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be;
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
 Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
 What aggravated impotence in power!
 High titles, then, what insult of their pain!
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
 Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
 'Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

This is a sketch of what thy soul admires?
 ' But here (thou sayst) the miseries of life
 ' Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
 ' Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news.'
 Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
 The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
 Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
 The best that can befall the best on earth;
 'The boy has virtue by his mother's side:
 Yes, on Floreilo look: a father's heart
 Is tender, tho' the man's is made of stone;
 The truth, thro' such a medium seen, may make

Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florelo lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his reason cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on,
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel-there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? the task
Injoin'd must discipline his early pow'rs;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature such, with necessary pains,
We purchase prospects of precarious peace:
Tho' not a father, this might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still,)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life?
 Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
 (Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
 And, in their hospitable arms, inclose:
 Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
 Men, that act up to reason's golden rule,
 All weakness of affection quite subdu'd:
 Men, that would blush at being thought sincere,
 And feign, for glory, the few faults they want;
 That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
 As if, to them, vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
 Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:
 See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
 Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright,
 Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
 All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
 All their keen purpose, in politeness sheath'd;
 His friends eternal—during interest;
 His foes implacable—when worth their while;
 At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own;
 As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;
 And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
 Naked, through these (so common fate ordains)
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
 Stung out of all, most amiable in life,
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
 Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
 Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
From the flow mistress of this school, Experience,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, Distrust,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Thro' serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
'Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
And brands him into credit with the world;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!

Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot that genius need not go to school;
Forgot that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practis'd, long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page, there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shews his heart,
Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein,
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!

Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry fool alive;
 And, dying, curs'd the friend on whom he liv'd
 'To such proficient thou art half a faint.
 In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
 How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
 Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
 With all the necromantics of their art,
 Playing the game of faces on each other,
 Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
 In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
 And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
 Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
 Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
 Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool?
 And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
 For who can thank the man, he cannot see?

Why so much cover? it defeats itself.

Ye, that know all things! know ye not, men's hearts
 Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd?
 For why conceal'd?—the cause they need not tell.
 I give him joy, that's aukward at a lie;
 Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe;
 His incapacity is his renown.
 'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise;
 It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.
 Thou say'st, 'tis needful: is it therefore right?
 Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
 To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then
 Escape that cruel need? thou may'st, with ease;
 Think no post needful that demands a knave.
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,

So P—— thought: think better, if you can.

But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt its due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save:
Our virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say; the world, well-known, will make a man:
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to heav'n,
Or make us dæmons, long before we die.

To shew how fair the world, thy mistress, shines,
Take either part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not virtue's self is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True; friends to virtue, last, and least, complain;
But if they sigh, can others hope to smile?
If wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor folly lead a happy life?
And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he most happy, who the least laments?
Where much, much patience, the most envy'd state,
And some forgiveness, needs, the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies;
'Thus far thy song right; and all must own,
'Virtue has her peculiar set of pains—
'And joys peculiar who to vice denies?
'If vice it is, with nature to comply:

- If pride, and sense, are so predominant,
- To check, not overcome, them, makes a saint,
- Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
- Pleasure, and glory, the chief good of man?

Can pride, and sensuality, rejoice?

From purity of thought, all pleasure springs;

- And, from an humble spirit, all our peace.

Ambition, pleasure! let us talk of these:

Of these, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;

Of these, each following age had much to say;

Yet unexhausted, still, the needful theme.

Who talks of these, to mankind all at once

He talks, for where the saint from either free?

Are these thy refuge?—no; these rush upon thee;

'Thy vitals seize, and, vulture-like, devour:

I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,

Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;

If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy Caucasus, ambition calls;

Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!

Of courted woes! and courted through mistake?

'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat

Will make thee start, as H—— at his Moor.

Dost grasp at greatness? First, know what it is:

Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies?

Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,

By fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,

Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;

In that which joins, in that which equals, all,

'The monarch, and his slave;—' A deathless soul,

' Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,

' A Father God, and brothers in the skies;

Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man,
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And with thy full blown brothers of the world,
Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn cast on them
Rebounds on thee! if man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If fortune makes him so,
Beware the consequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the man is lost;
Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
Boast that aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men?
It nought avails thee, where, but what thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
When through death's streights, earth's subtle serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown,
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree.
They leave their party colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,

And death puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once infallible, and short,
Of real greatness? that man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty from his throne, on earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart, his residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory fits
'Th' illustrious master of a name unknown;
'Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And peace, beyond the world's conception, smiles!
As thou! (now dark,) before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;
And, when he shrugs at public business, lies.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? that his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,

Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
Taking his country by five-hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar,) crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud!—of being proud;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain;
All vice wants hellebore; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
Because, all other vice unlike, it flies,
In fact, the point, in fancy most pursu'd.
Who court applause, oblige the world in this;
They gratify man's passion to refuse.
Superior honour, when assum'd, is lost;
Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Khan, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still!
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries—' Be, then, ambition cast;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave;
For her, he soars at great, and hazards ill;
For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile:
Who can resist her charms?'—Or, should? Lorenzo!

What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
 And well it is for man, that pleasure charms:
 How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of pleasure: that, through ev'ry vein,
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life,

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
 Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains:
 Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
 Some honest pleasure court; and some, obscene.
 Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom! whoredom, all,
 But when our reason licenses delight.
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo? thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
 An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
 A rank adulterer with others gold;
 And that hag, vengeance, in a corner charms.
 Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
 Where horrid Epicures debauch in blood.
 Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
 For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
 For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no single sacrifice may fall;
 For her the saint abstains; the miser starves;
 The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;

For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger we defy;
 And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotic power.

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure! doater on delight!
 I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
 Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
 And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence;
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the name.
 How knits austerity her cloudy brow,
 And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the praise
 Of pleasure, to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
 Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;
 Their senses men will trust: we can't impose;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right?
 Own honey sweet: but, owning, add this sting;
 'When mixt with poison, it is deadly too.'
 Truth never was indebted to a lie,
 Is nought but virtue to be prais'd, as good?
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
 What nature loves is good, without our leave.
 And where no future drawback cries, 'Beware;
 Pleasure, though not from virtue, should prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heav'n;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
 The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,

Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
 Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
 Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
 Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
 Though uncoif'd, counsel, learned in the world!
 Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
 Canst thou plead pleasure's cause as well as I?
 Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage?
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
 And know thyself, and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead;
 Or send thee to her hermitage with L—.
 Absurd presumption! thou, who never knew'st
 A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
 No man e'er found a happy life by chance;
 Or yawn'd it into being with a wish;
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An art it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
 With unremitting effort, or be lost,
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles, and estates;
 Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
 Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, pleasure's birth, rise, strength and grandeur see:
 Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,
 By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
 She rears her head majestic; round her throne,

Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, lifted, forms her manly guard.
 For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
 Why, then, commanded? Need mankind commands,
 At once to merit, and to make, their bliss?—
 Great legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
 If men are rational, and love delight,
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
 In the transgression lies the penalty;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
 Its mighty purpose, its important end.
 Not to turn human brutal, but to build
 Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n.
 In aid to reason was the goddess sent;
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
 Pleasure, first, succours virtue; in return,
 Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
 Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine?
 'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
 'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;
 'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray;
 (All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize:)
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
 And to serve more, is past the sphere of man,
 Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
 Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
 And foster ev'ry growth of happy life;
 Makes a new Eden, where it flows;—but such
 As must be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.

'What mean I by thy fall?'—Thou'lt shortly see,
 While pleasure's nature is at large dispay'd;
 Already fung her origin, and ends.
 Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
 When pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
 And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
 Heav'n's justice this proclaims, and that her love,
 What greater evil can I wish my foe,
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
 Unbroach't by just authority, unguag'd?
 By temperance, by reason unrefin'd?
 A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd these,
 Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
 Angels are angels from indulgence there;
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.
 Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
 A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
 The wrong must mourn: Can Heav'n's appointments fail?
 Can man outwit Omnipotence? strike out
 A self-wrought happiness unmeant by him
 Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
 Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
 Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
 Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire;
 Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
 With unprecious flows of vital joy;
 And, without breathing, man as well might hope
 For life, as, without piety, for peace.
 Is virtue, then, and piety the same?—

No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What nature joins; and thus confute themselves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost pow'r.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man:
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heav'n;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy.
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.

Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

Lorenzo! when wast thou at church before?
Thou think'st the service long; but is it just?
Tho' just, unwelcome: thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies,
Good conscience! at the sound the world retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
Yet has she her seraglio full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest chuse,
To chase thy gloom.—' Go, fix some weighty truth;
' Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;
' Teach ignorance to see, to grief to smile;
' Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
' Or, with warm heart, and confidence divine,
' Spring up, and lay strong hold on him who made thee,—
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Tho' wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, tho' never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe)
Is half-immoral: is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a scorner, or it makes a fool;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;

Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
 A man triumphant is a monstrous sight;
 A man dejected is a sight as mean.
 What cause for triumph, where such ills abound?
 What for dejection, where presides a power,
 Who call'd us into being to be blest?
 So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
 So joy, as conscious joy, to grief may fall.
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
 A shallow stream of happiness betray:
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own experience,)
 This counsel strange should I presume to give—
 'Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay.'
 There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace;
 Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
 As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
 If not inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
 Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake;
 Alas! should men mistake thee for a fool;—
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Tho' tender of thy fame, could interpose?
 Believe me, sense, here, acts a double part,
 And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
 True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first;
 They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;
 And travel only gives us sound repose.
 Heav'n sells all pleasure; effort is the price;

The joys of conquest, are the joys of man;
 And glory the victorious laurel spreads
 O'er pleasures pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be preferred,
 Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.
 A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
 Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
 False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
 From thought's full bent, and energy, the true;
 And that demands a mind in equal poize,
 Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
 Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
 But happiness that shortly must expire.
 Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
 And, in a tempest, can reflection live?
 Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?
 Can joy, like thine, meet accident unhock'd?
 Or ope the door to honest poverty?
 Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale?
 In such a world, and such a nature, these
 Are needful fundamentals of delight:
 These fundamentals give delight indeed;
 Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
 Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
 A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity?
 It is:—yet far my doctrine from severe.
 'Rejoice for ever:' it becomes a man;
 Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
 'Rejoice for ever,' Nature cries, 'Rejoice;
 And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
 Mixt up of delicates for every sense;

To the great founder of the bounteous feast,
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
 And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
 Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity:
 Yet sparing pledge; her bowl is not the best
 Mankind can boast.—‘A rational repast;
 ‘Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 ‘A military discipline of thought,
 ‘To foil temptation in the doubtful field:
 ‘And ever-waking ardor for the right.’
 ’Tis these, first, give, then guard, a chearful heart;
 Nought that is right, think little; well aware,
 What reason bids, God bids; by his command
 How aggrandiz’d, the smallest thing we do!
 Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise;
 To thee, insipid all, but what is mad;
 Joys season’d high, and tasting strong of guilt.
 ‘Mad! (thou reply’st, with indignation fir’d)
 ‘Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
 ‘I follow nature.’—Follow nature still,
 But look it be thine own: Is conscience, then,
 No part of nature? is she not supreme?
 Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
 Then, follow nature, and resemble God.
 When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursu’d,
 Man’s nature is unnaturally pleas’d:
 And what’s unnatural, is painful too
 At intervals, and must disgust ev’n thee!
 The fact thou know’st; but not, perhaps, the cause,
 Virtue’s foundations with the world’s were laid;
 Heav’n mixt her with our make, and twisted close

Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self: and is it greater pain,
 Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine?
 And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spar'd?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt?
 The joys of sense to mental joys are mean:
 Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
 On past, and future, forages for joy.
 'Tis hers, by retrospect, thro' time to range;
 And forward time's great sequel to survey.
 Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
 Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall:
 Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
 The man is dead, who for the body lives,
 Lur'd by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace;
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself, first, know; then love: a self there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
 A self there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart;
 Humility degrades it, justice robs,
 Blest bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
 And godlike magnanimity destroys.
 This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it, feed it:—but when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or the flames.

And why? 'tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind.

For what is vice? self-love in a mistake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue, what? 'tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A self-hate, now, scarce felt; then felt full-force,
When being, curst; extinction, loud-implor'd;
And ev'ry thing prefer'd to what we are.

Yet this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice;
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd,
By disaffection to the present hour!
Imagination wanders far a-field:
The future pleases: why? the present pains.—
'But that's a secret.'—Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause:
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,
From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, reason, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?

Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
 Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
 Sick of herself, is folly's character;
 As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.
 A change of evils is thy good supreme;
 Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
 Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.
 The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
 False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
 Rich from within, and felt-sustain'd, the true.
 The true is fixt, and solid as a rock;
 Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave.
 This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain:
 That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
 Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
 She dreads an interruption from without,
 Smit with her own condition; and the more
 Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
 There breaths not a more happy than himself.
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
 Such angels all, entitled to repose
 On him who governs fate: tho' tempest frowns,
 Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven!
 To lean on him on him, on whom archangels lean!
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting every beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
 In Israel's dream, come from, and go to heaven:

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Hence, are they studious of sequestred scenes;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.

Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high; -
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once and leave us in the mire.

What does the man, who transient joy prefers?

What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden fallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd state; a tenor, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecious bliss:
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth! should absolutely reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;

Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.
 Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
 Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
 Not the least promise of internal peace!
 No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
 Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
 Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;
 If gain'd, dear bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
 Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.
 Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore,
 Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
 'Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!
 By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
 Fancy still cruises, when poor sense is tir'd.

Imagination is the Paphian shop,
 Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
 Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,
 And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)
 With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
 Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
 Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
 On angel-wing, descending from above,
 Which these, with art divine, would counterwork,
 And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen imagination's guilt;
 But who can count her follies? she betrays thee,
 To think in grandeur there is something great.
 For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
 Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
 And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
 Hence, what disaster!—tho' the price was paid,
 That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,

Whose foot (ye gods!) tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor magnificence is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd; if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expences, and parades august,
And courts; that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of fortune ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his Holiness, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of reason (which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it passes) and defies
The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still:
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, tho' my lecture long,

Be good—and let Heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer: ev'n the best must own,
Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these;
But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

' This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:

' But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream:
' Or stem the tide Heav'n pushes thro' our veins,
' Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
' And lays his labour level with the world?'

Themselves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought is, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakness to chimæra turns the truth.

Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.

* Above, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
The mortal man; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the man immortal: him, I mean,
Who lives as such: whose heart, full bent on heav'n,

* In a former Night.

Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; tho' bright, without a foil;
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future, his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows

The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey.
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where his full feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph inexistence, his alone;
And his alone triumphantly to think

His true existence, is not yet begun.

His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;

Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise?

They yield to pleasure, tho' they danger brave,

And shew no fortitude, but in the field;

If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn;

Nor will that cordial always man their hearts,

A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail;

By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,

He shares in that omnipotence he trusts.

All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;

And when he falls, writes *vict* on his shield.

From magnanimity, all fear above;

From nobler recompence, above applause;

Which owes to man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,

Lorenzo cries,—‘Where shines this miracle?

From what root rises this immortal man?’

A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;

The root disfect, nor wonder at the flower.

He follows nature (not like * thee;) and shews us

An uninverted system of a man.

His appetite wears reason's golden chain,

And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.

His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,

Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.

Patient his hope, un-anxious is his care,

His caution fearless, and his grief, (if grief

* See page 87, line 23.

The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
 And why?—because affection, more than meet,
 His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heaven.
 Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
 He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
 They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
 His understanding scapes the common cloud
 Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
 His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
 By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
 The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
 Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
 An eye impartial, and an even scale;
 Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice,
 Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise;
 On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
 What, then, the world? it must be doubly weak;
 Strange truth! as soon would they believe their creed.
 Yet thus it is; nor otherwise can be;
 So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of immortal life.
 Who think earth all, or, (what weighs just the same)
 Who care no farther, must prize what it yields;
 Fond of its fancies; proud of its parades.
 Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire;
 He can't a foe, tho' most malignant, hate,
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
 'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast
 Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
 For may he not invade their good supreme,
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?

All shines to them, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, he questions, 'What its weight,
'Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?'—
And what it there appears, he deems it now.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The god-like man hath nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame;
Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire;
And death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heav'n!
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduc'd to nought:
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise, now, and, by possession, soon,
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just annihilation rise,
Lorenzo! rise to something, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent? No; for wit is thine;
And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
And reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say—That mists above the mountains rise;
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
 'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
 But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
 Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
 By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare,
 Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
 Passion can give it; sometimes wine inspires
 The lucky flash; and madness rarely fails.
 Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
 Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
 For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
 Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,
 See dullness, blund'ring on vivacities,
 Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
 Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
 But wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
 Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
 Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
 How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;
 Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few;
 While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
 Frequent, as fatal, wit: in civil life,
 Wit makes an enterpriser; sense, a man.
 Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In states, 'tis dangerous; in religion, death:
 Shall wit turn Christian, when the dull believe?
 Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
 Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound;
 When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
 Yet, wit apart, it is a di'mond still.

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Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool;
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock! I warn thee shun,
Where Sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
A joy, in which our reason bears no part,
Is but a sorrow tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know!—
And yet, we much must know her, to be safe.
To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An animal ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Sirens sing no more;
Thy dance is done; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.
Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;

A single sentence proof against the world.

'Soul, body, fortune! ev'ry good pertains

'To one of these; but prize not all alike;

'The goods of fortune to thy body's health,

'Body to soul, and soul submit to God.'

Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this;

Th' inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? it outshines the sun;

Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,

The single lesson of mankind on earth.

And yet—yet, what? no news! mankind is mad;

Such mighty numbers list against the right,

(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)

They talk themselves to something like belief,

That all earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool

Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry sail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?

Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie;

To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.

Hard either task! the most abandon'd own,

That others, if abandon'd, are undone:

Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes,

(And Providence denies it long repose)

O how laborious is their gaiety!

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,

Scarce muster patience to support the farce.

And pump sad laughter, till the curtain falls.

Scarce, did I say? Some cannot fit it out;

Of their own daring hands the curtain draw,

And shew us what their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!

Its impious fury still alive in death!—

Shut, shut the shocking scene—But heav'n denies.
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade,
The invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (flower suicides!)
And pride in these, more execrable still!—
How horrid all to thought!—but horrors, these,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be blest:
Bliss it too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from reason! joy from that,
Which makes man man; and, exercis'd aright,
Will makes him more: a bounteous joy! that gives,
And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace;
A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far:
A joy high privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which death shall double! judgment crown!
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Thro' blest eternity's long day, yet still,
Not more remote from sorrow, than from him,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of deity on guilty dust.

There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the sages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?

Eternity, depending on an hour,
Make serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on heaven:
Sole point! where over-bashful is your blame.
Are you not wise?—You know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;
' Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,
' Is the sole difference between wise, and fool.'
All worthy men will weigh you in this scale;
What wonder, then, if they pronounce you light?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my simple scheme of common sense:
Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not;—but the world persists;
And puts the cause off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,
They then turn witnesses against themselves.
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste! a man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend;
And that thou can'st not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor willing to be more!)
Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in prose)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.

But praise she need not fear: I see my fate;
And head-long leap, like Curtius, down the gulph,
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted page! go forth among thy foes;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live; nor shalt thou rest,
When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the world;
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And volunteers, around his banner swarm;
Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul.

‘Are all, then, fools? Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,
But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee;)
‘The mother of true wisdom is the will;’
The noblest intellect, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and sciences, in wars, and peace;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the most indulgence can afford;—
‘Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.’
Nor think this censure is severe on thee;
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

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NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE
CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other things,

- I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens;
- II. A Night-Address to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE;

One of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.

—*Fatis contraria fata rependens.* VIRO.

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THE
CONSOLATION.

NIGHT THE NINTH.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where disappointment smiles at hope's career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest;
I chase the moments with a serious song.
Song soothes our pains; and age has pains to sooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' aetherial fire;
Canst thou, O Night! indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then sleep, my strain!

Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease;
To bear a part in everlasting lays;
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,
Like those above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in body call for aid; the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease;
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
To know ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When nature's blush by custom is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturaliz'd our crimes;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet;)
And throw aside our senses with our peace.

But, grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory, quite unfully'd, shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its fable wove by destiny;
And that in sorrow bury'd; this, in shame;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell;

And conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where, the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume;
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise! Has death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needful monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well-stain'd canvases, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers' grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

'Protest diversions! cannot these escape?'—
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime: from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement; how like gods
We sit; and wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

What, all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,

From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? thy world?—A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the cieling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread; man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along

In unsubstantial images of air!
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of one departed world
 I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophecies
 Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
 But, like Cassandra, prophecies in vain;
 In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loth to know,
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies!
 Deluge and conflagration, dreadful pow'rs?
 Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
 Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for this, ordain'd their boundless rage:
 When heav'n's inferior instruments of wrath,
 War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
 These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
 Swift, and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,

The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—a sun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethle'm! how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—yet he it is;
That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, Heav'n's own pure day,

Fall on the confines of our ether, flames.
 While, (dreadful contrast! far, how far beneath!)
 Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
 In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought,
 This strikes, if aught can strike thee; this awakes
 The most supine; this snatches man from death.
 Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
 Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
 Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
 I find my inspiration in my theme;
 The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
 At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness; sudden, as the spark
 From smitten steel; from nit'rous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,
 On which we stood, Lorenzo! While thou may'st,
 Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
 Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At thought of thee!—And art thou absent then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here;—it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosom: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare,
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward; no;) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to know;
Asks, 'What is truth?' with Pilate; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;

Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?

O day of consummation! mark supreme

(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,

Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!

Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,

Order o'er order rising, blaze o'er blaze,

As in a theatre, surround this scene,

Intent on man, and anxious for his fate,

Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,

To vindicate his glory; and for thee,

Creation universal calls aloud,

To dis-involve the moral world, and give

To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?

I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!

All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!

All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing!

All basking in the full meridian blaze!

I see the Judge inthron'd! the flaming guard!

The volume open'd! open'd every heart!

A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!

No patron! intercessor none! now past

The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!

For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!

Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,

And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;

Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.

All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace:
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis present to my thought!—and yet where is it?
 Angels can't tell me; angels cannot guess
 The period; from created beings lock'd
 In darkness. But the process, and the place,
 Are less obscure; for these may man inquire.
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
 Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
 Great end! and great beginning! say, where art thou?
 Art thou in time, or in eternity?
 Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
 (Monarchs of all-elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
 As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
 Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
 With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head;
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
 The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
 From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb,
 To second birth; contemporary throng!
 Rous'd at one call, upstarting from one bed,
 Prest in one croud, appall'd with one amaze,
 He turns them o'er, Eternity! to thee.
 Then (as a king despos'd disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
 His greatest foe falls with him; Time, and he
 Who murder'd all Time's offspring, Death, expire.

Time was! ETERNITY now reigns alone!
Awful eternity! offended queen!
And her resentment to mankind, how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while souleſt ſoes found welcome there!
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her ſmile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners, ſtreaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; is a middle field,
Wide, as creation! populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, thro' a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now, pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
ETERNITY, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the fever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: what enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The goddeſs, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantyne key's enormous ſize

Thro' destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
 Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
 Down, down, she hurls it thro' the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 'The deep resounds, and hell, thro' all her glooms;
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole ethereal! how the concave rings!
 Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
 And louder far, than when creation rose,
 'To see creation's godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
 To see the mighty dramatist's last act
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No fancy'd God, a God, indeed, descends,
 To solve all knots; to strike the moral home;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of time;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause;
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I?—

Amidst applauding worlds,

And worlds celestial, is their sound on earth,
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains?
 Censure on thee, Lorenzo! I suspend,
 And turn it on myself; how greatly due!
 All, all is right! by God ordain'd or done;

And who, but God, resum'd the friends he gave?
And have I been complaining, then, so long
Complaining of his favours; pain, and death?
Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without death, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from pain; all punishment,
To make for peace; and death to save from death;
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heaven gives us friends to bliss the present scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.
All evils natural are moral goods;
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy; all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains;
Error, in act, or judgment, is the source
Of endless sighs: we sin, or we mistake;
And nature tax, when false opinion stings.
Let impious grief be banished, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy, and conquest; joy, and virtue too
A noble fortitude in ills delights
Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;

Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
 As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
 Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
 And virtue in calamities, admire.
 The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
 An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
 And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
 How much unhappiness must prove our lot;
 A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a man;
 Who thinks it is, shall never be a god.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke proud passion?—† Wish my being lost!
 Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
 The triumph of my soul is,—That I am;
 And therefore that I may be—what?—Lorenzo!
 Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
 In golden veins, thro' all eternity!
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
 New ages, where this phantom of an hour,
 Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
 And fly thro' infinite, and all unlock;
 And (if deserv'd) by Heav'n's redundant love,
 Made half-adorable itself, adore;
 And find, in adoration, endless joy!
 Where thou, not master of a moment here,

† Referring to the first Night.

Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
 May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd
 With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.
 Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
 How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
 No man too largely from Heav'n's love can hope,
 If what is hop'd he labours to secure.

Ills?—there are none: all gracious! none from thee;
 From man full many! num'rous is the race
 Of blackest ill, and those immortal too,
 Begot by madness on fair liberty;
 Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd! her hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
 Fast barr'd by thine; high-wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
 Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions, guides,
 Assisting, not restraining, reason's choice;
 Whose sanctions, unavoidable results
 From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
 If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor less sure.
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 'Do this; fly that'—nor always tell the cause?
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders! (if, thy love survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What rocks are these, on which to build our trust?
 Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
 Or this alone—'that none is to be found.'
 Not one, to soften censure's hardy crime;

Not one, to palliate peevish grief's complaint,
 Who, like a dæmon, murm'ring, from the dust,
 Dares into judgment call her judge.—Supreme!
 For all I blest thee; most, for the severe;
 * Her death—my own at hand—the fiery gulph,
 'That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
 It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
 It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
 Join heaven's sweet hallelujah's in thy praise,
 Great source of good alone! how kind in all!
 In vengeance kind! pain, death, *gebenna*, *SAVE*.

Thus, in thy world material, mighty Mind!
 Not that alone which solaces, and shines,
 The rough, and gloomy, challenges our praise,
 'The winter is as needful as the spring;
 'The thunder, as the sun; a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
 Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
 To nature's health, than purifying storms;
 The dread volcano ministers to good.
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man;
 Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;
 And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills receiv'd;
 Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
 Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stand this the foremost, 'That my heart has bled.'

* Lucia,

'Tis heav'n's last effort of good-will to man;
When pain can't blefs, heav'n quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reason abſolves the grief, which reason ends.
May heav'n ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it ſafe to ſmile!
Such ſmiles are mine, and ſuch may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from exceſs.
My change of heart a change of ſtyle demands;
The Comfort cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller, ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vale,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor effects more toil;
Thus I, tho' ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by few:
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pause; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Tho' ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme.
Thro' many a field of moral, and divine,
The muſe has ſtray'd; and much of ſorrow ſeen
In human ways; and much of falſe and vain;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miſs;
O'er friends deceas'd full heartily ſhe wept;

Of love divine the wonders she display'd;
 Prov'd man immortal; shew'd the source of joy;
 'The grand tribunal rais'd; assign'd the bounds
 Of human grief: in few, to close the whole,
 The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
 Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
 Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
 In this our land of travel, and of hope,
 For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains?—Much! much! a mighty debt
 To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O Night! are thine;
 From thee they came, like lovers secret sighs,
 While others slept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)
 In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,
 Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,
 Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
 Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
 Immortal silence!—where shall I begin?
 Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,
 To sooth their goddess?

O majestic Night!
 Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
 And fated to survive the transient sun!
 By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
 A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
 An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,
 Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n throughout,
 Voluminously pour thy pompous train,
 Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,
 Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so worthy to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heaven?
Creation of archangels is the theme!

What, to be sung, so needful? what so well
Celestial joys prepares us to sustain?

The soul of man, his face design'd to see,
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has here a previous scene of objects great,
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for final joy.

The more our spirits are enlarg'd on earth,
The deeper draught shall they receive of heav'n.

Heav'n's KING! whose face unveil'd consummate bliss;
Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation lives in human hearts!
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres!
While of thy works material the supreme
Dare attempt, assist my daring song.

Loose me from earth's inclosure, from the sun's
Contracted circle set my heart at large;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to THEE.
Teach me with art great nature to controul,

And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.
 Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the sun
 Be seen at midnight, rising in my song?
 Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whose heart,
 Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook
 Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
 Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
 I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.
 Gainful thy voyage thro' yon azure main;
 Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
 And whence thou may'st import eternal wealth;
 And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
 Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
 Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;
 Thy tour thro' nature's universal orb.
 Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
 On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
 And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
 Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,
 Shall own, he never was from home before!
 Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
 Of false ambition, if unchain'd, we'll mount;
 We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,
 And kindle our devotion at the stars;
 A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
 Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
 Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
 The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge,
 That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves

* Night the Eighth.

Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets calculated blaze;
E lance thy thought, and think of more than man.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardors; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars teach, as well as shine. At nature's birth,
Thus, their commission ran—'Be kind to man.'
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The stars will light thee, tho' the moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immoral? the stars call thee back;
And, if obeyed their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright.
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An un-adept in mysteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters, here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here

Exists indeed;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—Th' existence of a God!
 Yes; and of other beings, man above;
 Natives of ether! sons of higher climes!
 And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
 Eternity is written in the skies.
 And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;
 Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
 Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure
 Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly thine;
 Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,
 Tho' not on morals bent: ambition, pleasure!
 Those tyrants I for thee so * lately fought,
 Afford their harrafs'd slaves but slender rest.
 'Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
 And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day
 Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
 Commencing one of our Antipodes!
 In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
 'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal:
 And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
 If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)
 To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,
 Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
 And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
 With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
 Which set the living firmament on fire,

* Night the Eighth.

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At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our pride;
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heav'nly minded heart,
Are here inspir'd:—and canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy wrath depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! all, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself;
Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis Nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord there.
Wilt thou not feel the bias nature gave?

Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
 And seize thy brother's throat?—for what,—a clod,
 An inch of earth? The planets cry, 'Forbear.'
 They chase our double darkness; nature's gloom,
 And (kinder still!) our intellectual night.

And see, days amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays
 Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
 Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
 With gain, and joy, she bribes thee to be wise.
 Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
 And deep reception, in the intender'd heart;
 While light peeps thro' the darkness, like a spy;
 And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
 Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
 With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
 (Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!)
 Then into transport starting from her trance;
 With love, and admiration, how she glows!
 This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
 This ostentation of creative power!
 This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
 By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculation, and adore?
 One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;

And light us deep into the DEITY;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns un-number'd, down the steep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries there; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy him who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! praise more than human! nor deny'd
Thy praise divine!—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,
With-holds his homage, not alone I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple, hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once,
The temple, and the preacher! O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of night!
Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.
True; all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out him; in great, he seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and raps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! what is it?
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch!

(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
 Built with divine ambition ! in disdain
 Of limit built ! built in the taste of heaven ?
 Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou design'd
 A meet apartment for the DEITY ?—
 Not so ; that thought alone thy state impairs ;
 Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
 And streightens thy diffusive ; dwarfs the whole,
 And makes an universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
 Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
 O Nature ! wide flies off the expanding round,
 As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow ;
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds ;
 Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies ;
 Thus (but far more) the expanding round flies off,
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
 Might teem with new creation ; re-inflam'd
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in sense ;
 For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine,
 And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt ;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it was
 In those, who put forth all they had of man
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and thought
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount ?

And are there, then, Lorenzo! those, to whom
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe?
Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside
All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes,)
Deep in the bosom of his universe,
Dropt down that reas'ning mite, that insect, man,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in himself.
Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall mysteries descend
From unmysterious? thinks more elevate,
Be more familiar? uncreated lye
More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The more of wonderful
Is heard in him, the more we should assent.
Could we conceive him, God he could not be;
Or he not God, or we could not be men.
A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's distance how immense! On such a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds;
Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.
The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this coast of heav'n,
If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.

The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In reason's court, to silence unbelief.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!
Has the great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us, he resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy
A moment's audience? turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the light'nings wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces reason, or a God adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to see:
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks small learnings aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who should say, 'read thy chief lesson there.'
Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-scroll, thrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! not the God alone,

I see his ministers; I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, distinctly, clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
Listening to catch the master's least command,
And fly thro' nature, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—well conceiv'd
By Pagan, and by Christian! o'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, mind,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? that nobler son,
Far liker the great SIRE!—'tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thousand demi-gods descend
On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! strong restraint from ill!
Yet, here, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
With just attention as it view'd? we feel
A sudden succour, un-implor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of man.

Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grotts,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From nature's structure, or the scoop of time;
If ample of dimension, vast of size,
Ev'n these an aggrandizing impulse give;
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
Ev'n these infuse.—But what of vast in these?
Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot.
Much less in art.—Vain art! thou pigmy power!
How dost thou swell, and strut, with human pride,
To shew thy littleness! What childish toys,
Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds!
Thy basen'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated capitals! or those
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air!
Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet these affect us in no common kind
What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the DEITY has built?
A good man seen, tho' silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo!

To man abandon'd, ' has thou seen the skies?'
And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe,
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial arts intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey,
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do?—Suppress it? or proclaim?
Why sleeps the thunder? now, Lorenzo! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of Heaven;
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
Were moon, and stars, for villains only made?
To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.
Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
In theory sublime. O how unlike

Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
 Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed!
 Those ancient sages, human stars! they met
 Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour:
 Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.
 The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
 With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
 In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
 An area fit for gods, and godlike men,
 They took their nightly round, thro' radiant paths
 By seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
 There, they contracted their contempt of earth;
 Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire;
 There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
 More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.
 Thro' various virtues, they, with ardor, ran
 The Zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a Pagan zeal!
 A needful, but opprobrious pray'r! as much
 Our ardor less, as greater is our light.
 How monstrous this in morals! Scarce more strange
 Would this phenomenon in nature strike,
 A sun, that froze us, or a star, that warm'd.

What taught these heroes of the moral world?
 To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
 And Pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
 That, narrow views betray to misery:

That, wise it is to comprehend the whole:
That, virtue rose from nature, ponder'd well,
The single base of virtue built to heav'n:
That, God, and nature, our attention claim:
That, nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the sea, reflected is the sun.
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That, mind immortal loves immortal aims:
That, boundless mind affects a boundless space:
That, vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; such the night inspir'd.

And what more true? what truth of greater weight?

The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison here!
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, thro' wonder strays;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own;
Dives deep in their oeconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself at home among the stars;

And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—

As earth the body, since, the skies sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble pasture of the mind;

Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.

Call it, the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; moral fruit to man.

Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a true astrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which alone stars govern human fates.
O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And rescu'd monarchs from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how gen'rous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for foreigners.
Bastile thy tutor: grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it seems, it is: great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'erpow'r'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a paradise unlost!

I meet the Deity in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the tree of life!
For here it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No flaming sword denies our entrance here;
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo! much of moral hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The mathematic glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, chance, and fate,
Are left to finish his aerial towers;
Wisdom, and choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Tho' splendid all, no splendor void of use;
Use rivals beauty: art contends with pow'r;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
The great Oeconomist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
And newest to the man that views it most;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these aerial racers, O how swift!
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb ascending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!

Wheel within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
 Like thine, it seems a vision, or a dream;
 Tho' seen, we labour to believe it true!
 What involution! what extent! what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at earth! immensely great!
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
 What then, the wond'rous space thro' which they roll?
 At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
 'Tis comprehensions absolute defeat.

Nor think thou see'st a wild disorder here;
 Thro' this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
 What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
 They rove for ever, without error rove;
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD;
 Or hush'd, by his command, in love to man,
 And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
 Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
 In exultation to their God, and thine,
 They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
 Eternal celebration of his praise.
 But, since their song arrives not at our ear
 Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
 Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power.

Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze.

Weave the grand cypher of Omnipotence;
To gods, how great! how legible to man!

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And so they are; in the high will of Heav'n,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And tow'ring Alps, all tost into the sea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones;
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,
Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love;

To cloath, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize ?

Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight !
A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
It drops new truths at ev'ry new survey !
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end,
The boundless space, thro' which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless time. Thus, by kind nature's skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight :
And an eternity, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it ?—that is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely fought ;
And thou may'st read thy soul immortal, here.

Here, then, Lorenzo ! on these glories dwell,
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblées ?—This is one divinely bright ;
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range thro' the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.

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He, wise as thou, no crescent holds so fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give;
A mind superior to the charms of power.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,
And purify from stench his wat'ry realms?
And fails her moral influence? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on earth's infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heav'n?
Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, earth's joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,
And defecate from sense, alone obtain
Full relish of existence, un-deflower'd,
The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss.
All else on earth amounts—to what? to this:
'Bad to be suffer'd; blessings to be left.'
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.
Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
Oh let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd here;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels, meet,
Eat the same manna, mingle earth, and heaven,
How distant some of these nocturnal suns!

So distant (says the sage,) 'twere not absurd
 'To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth,
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
 Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight.
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
 And roll for ever: who can satiate sight
 In such a scene? in such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
 Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.
 Now, go, ambition! boast thy boundless might
 In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
 'To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
 Why call for less than is already thine?
 Thou art no novice in theology;
 What is a miracle!—'Tis a reproach,
 'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;
 And while it satisfies, it censures too.
 To common sense, great Nature's course proclaims
 A Deity: When mankind falls asleep,
 A miracle is sent, as an alarm,
 To wake the world, and prove him o'er again,
 By recent argument, but not more strong.
 Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
 Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
 To make a sun, or stop his mid-career?
 To countermand his orders, and send back
 The flaming courier to the frighted east,
 Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
 Or bid the moon, as with her journey tir'd,

In Ajalon's soft, flow'ry vale repose?
 Great things are these; still greater, to create.
 From Adam's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
 Of miracles;—resistless is their pow'r?
 They do not, cannot, more amaze the mind,
 Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,
 If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,
 If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
 Sees nought but sparkles here; the fool, no more.
 Say'st thou, 'the course of nature governs all?'
 The course of nature is the art of God.
 The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;
 For say; could nature nature's course controul?

But, miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
 Nature's controul'er, author, guide, and end?
 Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
 But must inquire—'What hand behind the scene,
 'What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
 'In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
 'Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
 'Who bow'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
 'Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
 'Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
 'And set the bosom of old night on fire?
 'Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?'
 Or, if the military style delights thee,
 (For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
 'Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their names?
 'Appoints their post, their marches, and returns,
 'Punctual, at stated periods? who disbands
 'These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
 'If e'er disbanded?'—HE, whose potent word,
 Like the loud trumpeter, levy'd first their pow'rs

In night's inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold;
And call'd them out of chaos to the field,
Where now they war with vice and unbelief.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When brighter flames shall cut a darker night:
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all!

Struck at that thought, as new-awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Tho' guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye dividers of my time! Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Tho' man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since you, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom; now beyond
All shadows of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares, keen appetite, and passion, spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose folly would undo, what age has done!
Aid, then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, Thou,
Great ARTIST! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Tho' intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out

Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,
 With such an index fair, as none can miss,
 Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd,
 Open mine eye, dread DEITY! to read
 The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
 Things as they are, un-alter'd thro' the glass
 Of worldly wishes. Time, eternity!
 ('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
 Set them before me; let me lay them both
 In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
 Let time appear a moment, as it is;
 And let eternity's full orb, at once,
 Turn on my soul, and strike it into heav'n.
 When shall I see far more than charms me now?
 Gaze on creation's model in thy breast
 Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
 When, this vile, foreign, dust, which smother's all
 That travel earth's deep vale, shall I shake off,
 When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
 And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
 Obtain her apotheosis in THEE?

Dost think, Lorenzo! this is wand'ring wide?
 No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
 To wake thy dead devotion * was my point;
 And how I bless night's consecrating shades,
 Which to a temple turn an universe;
 Fill us with great ideas, full of heav'n,
 And antidote the pestilential earth!
 In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
 What an asylum has the soul in pray'r!
 And what a fane is this, in which to pray!

And what a God must dwell in such a fane!
 O what a genius must inform the skies!
 And is Lorenzo's salamander-heart,
 Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
 O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,
 On heav'n's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
 Who blaze, or die, as great JEHOVAH's breath
 Or blows you, or forbears; assist my song;
 Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,
 So long possess; and bring him back to man.

And if Lorenzo a demurrer still?

Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
 Truths, which, contested, put thy parts to shame.
 Nor shame they more Lorenzo's head, than heart;
 A faithless heart, how despicably small!
 Too streight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive!
 Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with self!
 And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
 Instincts and passions, of the nobler kind,
 Lie suffocated there; or they alone,
 Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
 To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,
 Where order, wisdom, goodness, providence,
 Their endless miracles of love display,
 And promise all the truly great desire.
 The mind that would be happy, must be great;
 Great in its wishes; great in its surveys.
 Extended views a narrow mind extend;
 Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
 Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace.
 A man of compass makes a man of worth;
 Divine contemplate, and become divine.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,

All littleness is in approach to woe;
 Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
 And let in manhood; let in happiness;
 Admit the boundless theatre of thought
 From nothing, up to God; which makes a man.
 Take God from nature, nothing great is left;
 Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;
 Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
 Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
 See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
 Besieg'd by nature, the proud sceptic's foe!
 Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
 Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
 As in a golden net of Providence,
 How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
 From this thy blest captivity, what art,
 What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!
 This scene is Heav'n's indulgent violence:
 Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
 What is earth bosom'd in those ambient orbs,
 But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
 Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate cause,
 Spite of these num'rous, awful, witnesses,
 And doubt the deposition of the skies?
 O how laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious? 'tis impracticable quite;
 To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate,
 With all his weight of wisdom, and of will,
 And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
 Some wish they did; but no man disbelieves.
 God is a spirit; spirit cannot strike
 These gross, material organs; God by man
 As much is seen, as man a God can see.

In these astonishing exploits of power.
 What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
 Concertion of design, how exquisite!
 How complicate, in their divine police!
 Apt means! great ends! consent to gen'ral good!—
 Each attribute of these material gods,
 So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
 A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo! this may seem harangue to thee;
 Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
 And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof
 Of this great master-moral of the skies,
 Unkill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it there?
 Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
 Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
 Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
 *I will not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
 And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
 Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
 Imagination's airy wing repress;—
 Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
 Wake all to reason;—let her reign alone;—
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
 As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
 In nature's channel, thus the questions run.

'What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
 'But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
 'Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
 'Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
 'But what eternal?—Why not human race?
 'And Adam's ancestors without an end?—

‘ That’s hard to be conceiv’d; since ev’ry link
‘ Of that long-chain’d succession is so frail;
‘ Can ev’ry part depend, and not the whole?
‘ Yet grant it true; new difficulties rise;
‘ I’m still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
‘ Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—
‘ Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
‘ Would want some other father;—much design
‘ Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
‘ Design implies intelligence, and art:
‘ That can’t be from themselves—or man; that art
‘ Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
‘ And nothing greater, yet allow’d, than man.—
‘ Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
‘ Shot thro’ vast masses of enormous weight?
‘ Who bid brute matter’s restive lump assume
‘ Such various forms, and give it wings to fly?
‘ Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
‘ Asserting its indisputable right
‘ To dance, would form an universe of dust:
‘ Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
‘ And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos’d?
‘ Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
‘ Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn’d
‘ In mathematics? Has it fram’d such laws,
‘ Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
‘ If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
‘ Who think a clod inferior to a man!
‘ If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
‘ And that with greater far, than human skill;
‘ Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
‘ Grant, then, invisible, eternal, MIND;
‘ That granted, all is solv’d.—But, granting that,

- ' Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
 ' Grant I not that, which I can ne'er conceive?
 ' A being without origin, or end!—
 ' Hail, human liberty! there is no God—
 ' Yet, why? on either scheme that knot subsists;
 ' Subsist it must, in God, or human race;
 ' If in the last, how many knots beside,
 ' Indissoluble all?—why chuse it there,
 ' Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
 ' Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
 ' Dispers'd, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
 ' This is not reason's dictate; reason says,
 ' Close with the side where one grain turns the scale;
 ' What vast preponderance is here! Can reason
 ' With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
 ' And reason heard, is the sole mark of man.
 ' What things impossible must man think true,
 ' On any other system! and how strange
 ' To disbelieve, thro' mere credulity!

If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
 Let it for ever bind him to belief.
 And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
 And, if a God there is, that God how great!
 How great that pow'r, whose providential care
 Thro' these bright orbs dark centres darts a ray;
 Of nature universal threads the whole!
 And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
 Tho' little, on the footstool of his throne!

That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
 From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
 This distant earth? Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
 Where, ends this mighty building? where, begin
 The suburbs of creation? where the wall

Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 Of non existence? Nothing's strange abode!
 Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp'd
 His slacken'd line, and laid his balance by;
 Weigh'd worlds, and measur'd infinite, no more?
 Where, rears his terminating pillar high
 Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
 In characters illustrious as the sun,

“ I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce

“ The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:

“ Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;

“ Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,

“ That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound!

“ Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!

Hard are those questions?—answer harder still.

Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,

The solitary son, of pow'r divine?

Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a breath,

Impregnated the womb of distant space?

Has he not bid, in various provinces.

Brother-creations the dark bowels burst

Of night primaeval; barren, now, no more?

And he, the central sun, transpiercing all

Those giant-generations, which disport,

And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray;

That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,

In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung;

While chaos triumphs, reposest of a!

Rival creation ravish'd from his throne?

Chaos! of nature both the womb, and grave!

Think't thou, my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide?

Is this extravagant?—No; this is just;

Just, in conjecture, tho' 'twere false in fact.

If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the MOST HIGH.
 But wherefore error? who can prove it such?
 He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
 Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
 Nothing, but quite impossible, is hard.
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole creation, and a single grain.
 Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!—
 A thousand worlds? There's space for millions more;
 And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
 The warm imagination: why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of that pow'r,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
 Why not indulge in his augmented praise?
 Darts not his glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to chaos, and the realms
 Of hideous night, where fancy strays aghast;
 And, tho' most talkative, makes no report?
 Still seems my thought enormous? think again;—
 Experience 'Telf shall aid thy lame belief.
 Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
 Have they not led us in the deep disclose
 Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small,
 And, tho' demonstrated, still ill-conceived?
 If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
 In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
 To keep the balance, and creation poise?
 Defect alone can err on such a theme;
 What is too great, if we the cause survey?
 Stupendous ARCHITECT! thou, thou art all!

My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!

I AM, thy name! existence, all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
'The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.'

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—what voice
Can answer to my wants, in such ascent,
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now fancy glows,
Tir'd in the vortex of almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of universal nature, as a speck, -
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far out-shone?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space,
From other realms; from ample continents
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less northern, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the Supreme;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods?

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,

Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
'This Heliopolis, by greater far,
'Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And he alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite, enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
'What page of wisdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;
'There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts;
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
'Tho' silent, loud! heard earth around; above
'The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, tho' too proud to praise.
Is earth, then, more infernal? has she those,
Who neither praise (Lorenzo!) nor admire?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-ingag'd,
Ne'er ask'd the moon one question; never held
Least correspondence with a single star;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the queen of heaven
Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
'Their sublunary rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion; stars malign,
Which made their fond astronomer run mad;
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart;

Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O thou great Jove unfeign'd!
Divine instructor! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon, and stars, (and heav'n's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who runs, may read;
Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfin'd
To Christian land, or Jew'ry; fairly writ,
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from its husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the great MIND, that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As pre-supposing his first lesson there,
And scripture-self a fragment, that unread.
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.

By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; but how shall I prevail?
Say, gentle Night! whose modest, maiden beams,
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!

Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and shew
 'The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
 'These rich regalia pompously display'd
 To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
 I gaze around; I search on ev'ry side—
 O for a glimpse of HIM my soul adores!
 As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
 Pants for the living stream; for him who made her,
 So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
 Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
 Where, blazes his bright court? where burns his throne?
 'Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee, round
 His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
 The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
 Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
 A star his dwelling pointed out below.
 Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
 And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
 Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
 And bring them out of tempest into port!
 On which hand must I bend my course to find him?
 These courtiers keep the secret of their KING;
 I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake; and waking, climb night's radiant scale,
 From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
 For man's ascent; at once to tempt and aid;
 To tempt his eye, and aid his tow'ring thought;
 Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent Contemplation's rapid car,
 From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.
 How swift I mount! diminish'd earth recedes;
 I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,

Pierce heav'n's blue curtain, strike into remote;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtil sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to celestial lengthens human sight.
I pause at every planet on my road,
And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of earths an army might be lost,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
Thro' their wide empires!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres;
Perhaps the villas of descending gods!
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought
For aid, to reason sets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to him;)
O where, Lorenzo! must the builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—where is earth?—Nay, where art thou,
O sun?—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—and are
His boasted expeditions short to mine?—
To mine, how short! on nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So much a stranger, and so late arriv'd,

How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd?

‘ O ye, as distant from my little home,
 ‘ As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
 ‘ Far from my native element I roam,
 ‘ In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
 ‘ What province this, of his immense domain,
 ‘ Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
 ‘ Ye bord’rers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
 ‘ A colony from heaven? or, only rais’d,
 ‘ By frequent visit from heav’n’s neighbouring realms,
 ‘ To secondary gods, and half-divine?—
 ‘ Whate’er your nature, this is past dispute,
 ‘ Far other life you live, far other tongue
 ‘ You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 ‘ Than man. How various are the works of God!
 ‘ But say, what thought? is reason here inthron’d,
 ‘ And absolute? or sense in arms against her?
 ‘ Have you two lights? or need you no reveal’d?
 ‘ Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
 ‘ And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
 ‘ Our Eve’s fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 ‘ And ask their Adams—“ Who would not be wise?
 ‘ Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem’d?
 ‘ And if redeem’d—is your Redeemer scorn’d?
 ‘ Is this your final residence? if not,
 ‘ Change you your scene, translated? or by death?
 ‘ And if by death; what death?—know you disease?
 ‘ Or horrid war?—with war, this fatal hour,
 ‘ Europa groans (so call we a small field,
 ‘ Where Kings run mad.) In our world, death deposes

‘ Intemperance to do the work of age!
‘ And, hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
‘ As slow of execution, for dispatch
‘ Sends forth imperial butchers; bids them slay
‘ Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec’d before,)
‘ And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
‘ Sit all your executioners on thrones?
‘ With you, can rage for plunder make a god?
‘ And bloodshed wash out ev’ry stain?—
‘ But you, perhaps, can’t bleed: from matter gross
‘ Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
‘ In fine-spun ether, priviledg’d to soar,
‘ Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
‘ The lot of man! How few of human race
‘ By their own mud unmurder’d! how we wage
‘ Self-war eternal!—Is your painful day
‘ Of hardy conflict o’er! or, are you still
‘ Raw candidates at school? and have you those
‘ Who disaffect reverfions, as with us?—
‘ But what are we? You never heard of man,
‘ Or earth; the bedlam of the universe!
‘ Where reason (undisens’d with you) runs mad,
‘ And nurses folly’s children as her own;
‘ Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
‘ Of holiness, where reason is pronounc’d
‘ Infallible; and thunders like a god;
‘ Ev’n there, by saints, the dæmons are outdone;
‘ What these think wrong, our saints refine to right;
‘ And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts;
‘ Satan, instructed, o’er their moral smiles.—
‘ But this, how strange to you, who know not man!
‘ Has the least rumour of our race arriv’d?
‘ Call’d here Elijah, in his flaming car?

' Past by you the good Enoch, on his road
 ' To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
 ' Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere, in his descent,
 ' Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
 ' A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
 ' O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 ' Athwart his way; nor reach his present home,
 ' Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell,
 ' Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he past
 ' To Britain's isle; too, too, conspicuous there!"

But this is all digression: where is he,
 That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness? where is he,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 He, whom, while man is man, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences more than man?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on earth! or blest above!
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
 Where, your great Master's orb? his planets, where?
 Those conscious satellites, those morning-stars,
 First-born of DEITY! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
 Aw'd, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet serene;
 Past thought, illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still remote,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal Sire?
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—and on what
 High errands sent?—Here human effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road;
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the place of heav'n, or hell,
Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admision, where proud science fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of nature, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom nature (ill-attempted here!)
Past doubt is deep philosophy above;
Higher degrees in blifs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a thunder of omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak!) is seen in all!
In man! in earth! in more amazing skies!
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn—
'Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
'Mankind was born to wonder, and adore.'

And is there cause for higher wonder still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
Yes; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of these stars is a religious house;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,
And heard Hosannas ring thro' ev'ry sphere,

A seminary fraught with future gods.
 Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,
 Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.
 'The great Proprietors all-bounteous hand
 Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
 With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise
 Beneath his genial ray; and, if escap'd
 The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,
 When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
 And is devotion thought too much on earth,
 When beings, so superior, homage boast,
 And triumph in prostrations to the throne?

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
 Etherial journeys, and, discover'd there,
 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
 All nature sending intense to the throne,
 Except the bold Lorenzo's of our sphere?
 Op'ning the solemn sources of my soul,
 Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
 My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
 Nor see, of fancy, or of fact, what more
 Invites the muse—here turn we, and review
 Our past nocturnal landscape wide:—then say,
 Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
 The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
 Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
 ' O what a root! O what a branch is here!
 ' O what a father! what a family!
 ' Worlds! systems! and creations!—and creations,
 ' In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 ' * Great VINE, on THEE, on THEE the cluster hangs;

* John xv. 1.

' The filial cluster! infinitely spread
 ' In glowing globes, with various beings fraught:
 ' And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
 ' Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
 ' A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 ' (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
 ' Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
 ' Of Majesty divine! the blazing seal,
 ' That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
 ' Indelible, his sov'reign attributes,
 ' Omnipotence, and love! that passing bound:
 ' And this, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,
 ' For want of pow'r in God, but thought in man.
 ' Even this acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt;
 ' If greater aught, that greater all is thine.
 ' Dread Sire!—accept this miniature of thee;
 ' And pardon an attempt for mortal thought,
 ' In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd.*

How such ideas of th' Almighty's pow'r,
 And such ideas of th' Almighty's plan,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
 Of feeble mortals! nor of them alone!
 The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
 In inconceivables to men, and gods.
 Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
 How low must man descend, when gods adore!—
 Have I not, then accomplish'd my proud boast!
 Did I not tell thee, ' * We would mount, Lorenzo!
 ' And kindle our devotion at the stars?

And have I fail'd? and did I flatter thee?
 And art all adamant? and dost confuse;

All urg'd, with one irrefragable smile?
Lorenzo! mirth how miserable here!
Swear by the stars, by him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as they:
Then thou, like them, shalt shine; like them, shalt rise
From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, nature's sacred law.
The stars, from whence?—Ask Chaos—he can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From darkness, and confusion, took their birth;
Sons of deformity; from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone;
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better: but, when minds ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
Heav'n aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The voluntary little lessens more.
O be a man! and thou shalt be a god!
And half-self-made!—ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—tho' high-taught,
School'd by the skies; and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou a sham'd to bend thy knee to heav'n?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in religion is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the Night,

Anid her glimm'ring tapers, silent fits.
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Tho' blind of heart, still open in thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
'Tho' that immensely great, still greater he,
'Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
'Unburden'd, nature's universal-scheme;
'Can grasp creation with a single thought;
'Creation grasp; and not exclude its Sire.'—
To tell him farther—'It behoves him much
'To guard th' important, yet depending, fate
'Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
'One single ray of thought outshines them all.'
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing.
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where thought is now deny'd to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazling spheres.

Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, dying he pronounc'd (when words are true!)
'The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;
Vain, and far worse!—think thou, with dying men;
Q condescend to think as angels think!
O tolerate a chance for happiness!
Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!
Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man?

Man, turning from his God, brings endless night;
 Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,
 Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
 How deep the darkness! and the groan, how loud!
 And far, how far, from lambent are the flames?
 Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!
 The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
 Tho' in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
 I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me;
 My song but echoes what great nature speaks.
 What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,
 Thus speaks for ever:—Place at nature's head,
 ' A sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
 ' Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
 ' But, above all, diffuses endless good;
 ' To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;
 ' The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
 ' By whom, the various tenants of these spheres,
 ' Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
 ' Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 ' Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
 ' At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream;
 ' Where conflict past redoubles present joy;
 ' And present joy looks forward on increase;
 ' And that, on more; no period! ev'ry step
 ' A double boon! a promise, and a bliss.
 How easy fits this scheme on human hearts!
 It suits their make; it sooths their vast desires;
 Passion is pleas'd; and reason asks no more;
 'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is thine?
 It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,

Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport
Of fortune, then, the morsel of despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou knowest it well)
What's vice?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of common-sense;
How art thou whooted, where the least prevails!
Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool?
And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
Can neither shame, nor terror, stand thy friend?
And art thou still an insect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee thro' all
Th' etherial armies; walkt thee, like a god,
Thro' splendors of first magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of God;
And almost introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou still carousing for delight,
Rank poison; first, fermenting to mere froth,
And then subsiding into final gall?
To beings of sublime, immortal make,
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
Such joy more shocking still, the more it charms!
And dost thou chuse what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as short? and dost thou chuse
(Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)
To wade into perdition, thro' contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.

O thou most awful being! and most vain;

'Thy will, how frail! how glorious is thy power!
 'Tho' dread eternity has sown her seeds
 Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;
 Tho' heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice;
 A butterfly comes cros'd, and both are fled.
 Is this the picture of a rational?
 'This horrid image, shall it be most just?
 Lorenzo! no: it cannot,—shall not, be,
 If there is force in reason; or, in sounds
 Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
 A magic, at this planetary hour,
 When slumber locks the general lip, and dreams
 'Thro' senseless mazes hunt souls un-inspir'd.
 Attend—the sacred mysteries begin—
 My solemn night-born adjuration hear;
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust:
 While the stars gaze on this enchantment new;
 Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
 ' By silence, death's peculiar attribute;
 ' By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom;
 ' By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!
 ' That draw the curtain round Night's ebony throne,
 ' And raise ideas, solemn as the scene!
 ' By NIGHT, and all of awful, Night presents
 ' To thought, or sense (of awful much, to both,
 ' The goddess brings!) By these her trembling fires,
 ' Like Vesta's, ever-burning; and, like hers,
 ' Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
 ' By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,
 ' And press thee to revere, the DEITY;
 ' Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a-while,
 ' To reach his throne; as stages of the soul,
 ' 'Thro' which, at different periods, she shall pass,

' Refining gradual, for her final height,
 ' And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere!
 ' By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!
 ' By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
 ' From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
 ' Sad preface to vain boasters, now in bloom!
 ' By the long list of swift mortality,
 ' From Adam downward to this ev'ning knell.
 ' Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;
 ' And shocks her with an hundred centuries,
 ' Round death's black banner throng'd, in human thought?
 ' By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
 ' And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
 ' By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
 ' Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
 ' The monarch's terror! and the sexton's trade!
 ' By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
 ' The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
 ' Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
 ' Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
 ' By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
 ' And the pale lamp, that shews the ghastly dead,
 ' More ghastly, thro' the thick incumbent gloom!
 ' By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
 ' The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
 ' By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
 ' For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,
 ' Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
 ' By guilt's last audit! By yon moon in blood,
 ' The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
 ' And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
 ' By second chaos; and eternal night'—
 BE WISE—Nor let Philander blame my charm;

But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; duty to the dead.

For know, I am but executor; He left
This moral legacy; I make it o'er
By his command; Philander hear in me;
And Heav'n in both.—If deaf to these, oh! **hear**
Florello's tender voice; his weal depends
On thy resolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For his sake—love thyself: example strikes
All human hearts; a bad example more;
More still a father's; that ensures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gav'st?
Is this the blessing of so fond a father?
If careless of Lorenzo! spare, oh! spare,
Florello's father, and Philander's friend;
Florello's father ruin'd, ruin's him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
Let passion do, what nobler motive should;
Let love, and emulation, rise in aid
To reason; and persuade thee to be—blest.

This seems not a request to be deny'd;
Yet (such the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the most hopeless, man can make to man.
Shall I, then, rise in argument, and warmth?
And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?—
But oh! I faint! my spirits fail!—nor strange!
So long on wing, and in no middle clime;
To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd:
And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand

Has strok'd my drooping lids, and promises
 My long arrear of rest; the downy god
 (Wont to return with our returning peace)
 Will pay, ere-long, and blefs me with repose.
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 Whence sorrow never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, 'till sickness clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends,
 When will it end with me?

—'Thou only know'st,

'Thou, whose broad eye the future, and the past,
 'Joins to the present; making one of three
 'To mortal thought! Thou know'st, and Thou alone,
 'All-knowing!—all unknown!—and yet well-known!
 'Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!
 'And, tho' invisible, for ever seen!
 'And seen in all! the great, and the minute;
 'Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 'Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
 '(Those puny vouchers for Omnipotence!)
 'To the first thought, that asks, 'From whence?' declare
 'Their common source. 'Thou fountain running o'er
 'In rivers of communicated joy!
 'Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!

' Say, by what name shall I presume to call
 ' Him I see burning in these countless suns,
 ' As Moses, in the bush? Illustrious Mind!
 ' The whole creation, less, far less to thee,
 ' Than that to the creation's ample round.
 ' How shall I name THEE?—How my labouring soul
 ' Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
 ' Great system of perfections! mighty Cause
 ' Of causes mighty! Cause uncaus'd! sole root
 ' Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God!
 ' First Father of effects! that progeny
 ' Of endless series; where the golden chain's
 ' Last link admits a period, who can tell?
 ' Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
 ' Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
 ' Father of all that is, or shall arise!
 ' Father of this immeasurable mass
 ' Of matter multiform; or dense, or rare;
 ' Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
 ' Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
 ' Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
 ' Father of these bright millions of the night!
 ' Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd,
 ' And thrown the gazer on his knee—or, say,
 ' Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
 ' Father of matter's temporary lords!
 ' Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
 ' Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd
 ' With various measures, and with various moods
 ' Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
 ' More pale, or bright from day divine, to break
 ' The dark of matter organiz'd (the ware
 ' Of all created spirit;) beams, that rise

' Each over other in superior light,
 ' Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
 ' Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
 ' (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 ' Of intellectual beings! beings blest
 ' With pow'rs to please Thee; not of passive ply
 ' To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
 ' Of well-adapted joys; in diff'rent domes
 ' Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
 ' Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 ' Tho' boundless habitation, plann'd by Thee;
 ' Whose several clans their several climates suit;
 ' And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 ' Or, oh! indulge, immortal KING! indulge
 ' A title, less august indeed, but more
 ' Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears!
 ' Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
 ' Father of immortality to man!
 ' A theme that * lately set my soul on fire.—
 ' And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
 ' That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
 ' Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
 ' Were made; and one, redeem'd! illustrious light
 ' From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal power,
 ' Finite in time, but infinite in space,
 ' On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
 ' O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
 ' Inviolably reigns; the dread of gods!
 ' And oh! the friend of man! beneath whose foot,
 ' And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 ' All regions; revolutions, fortunes, fates,

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

' Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 ' Thro' the short channels of expiring time,
 ' Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 ' Calm, or tempestuous (as the spirit breathes,)
 ' In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou
 ' The glorious Third! distinct, not separate!
 ' Beaming from both! with both incorporate!
 ' And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
 ' By condescension, as thy glory, great,
 ' Enshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
 ' Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
 ' Of heav'n with distant earth! by whom, I trust,
 ' (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
 ' To Thee, to them—to whom?—Mysterious power!
 ' Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light;
 ' Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
 ' The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
 ' That animates all right, the triple sun!
 ' Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!
 ' Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
 ' Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God!
 ' Greater than greatest! better than the best!
 ' Kinder than kindest! with soft pity's eye,
 ' Or (stronger still to speak it), with thine own,
 ' From thy bright home, from thy high firmament,
 ' Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
 ' Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
 ' From far above what mortals highest call;
 ' From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
 ' Through—What? Confounding interval! thro' all,
 ' And more, than lab'ring fancy can conceive;
 ' Thro' radiant ranks of essences unknown;
 ' Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd.

‘ Round various banners of Omnipotence,
‘ With endless change of rapturous duties fir’d,
‘ Thro’ wond’rous beings interposing swarms,
‘ All clust’ring at the call, to dwell in thee;
‘ Thro’ this wide waste of worlds; this vista vast,
‘ All fanded o’er with suns; suns turn’d to night
‘ Before thy feeblest beam—look down—down—down,
‘ On a poor breathing particle in dust,
‘ Or, lower,—an immortal in his crimes.
‘ His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
‘ Those smaller faults, half converts to the right.
‘ Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
‘ May see the sun (tho’ night’s descending scale
‘ Now weighs up morn,) unpity’d, and unblest!
‘ In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
‘ Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me now;
‘ And, since all pain is terrible to man,
‘ Tho’ transient, terrible; at thy good hour,
‘ Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
‘ My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near;
‘ By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
‘ Till then, be this, an emblem of my grave:
‘ Let it out-preach the preacher; ev’ry night
‘ Let it out-cry the boy at Philip’s ear;
‘ That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
‘ And when (the shelter of thy wing implor’d)
‘ My senses, sooth’d, shall sink in soft repose;
‘ O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
‘ Suggested by my pillow, sign’d by fate,
‘ First, in fate’s volume, at the page of man.—
‘ Man’s sickly soul, tho’ turn’d and tost for ever,
‘ From side to side, can rest on nought but Thee;
‘ Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;’

' On Thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
 ' Of spirits, toil'd in travel thro' this vale.
 ' Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond;
 ' For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
 ' Exult, creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
 ' That death of death! that cordial of despair!
 ' And loud eternity's triumphant song!
 ' Of whom, no more:—for, O thou Patron-God!
 ' Thou God, and mortal! thence more God to man!
 ' Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
 ' Thou can'st not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise.
 ' Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
 ' Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
 ' The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth!
 ' Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
 ' Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
 ' From famish'd ruin plucks her human prey!
 ' Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
 ' Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 ' Deputes their suff'ring brothers to receive!
 ' And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
 ' As deeper guilt prohibits our despair!
 ' Injoins it, as our duty, to rejoice!
 ' And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 " * Takes his delights among the sons of men."

What words are these!—And did they come from heav'n?
 And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 The song of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart,

'Tho' plung'd, before, in horrors dark as night:
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy!
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral muse,
 How justly † titled! nor for me alone;
 For all that read; what spirit of support,
 What heights of Consolation, crown my song!

Then, farewell NIGHT! of darkness, now, no more:
 Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death;
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread!
 Hope be thy joy; and probity thy skill;
 Thy patron He, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heav'n; eternity, thy prize:
 And leave the racers of the world their own,
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
 They part with all for that which is not bread:
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
 And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
 How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
 Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
 The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
 Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
 Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
 And when our present privilege is past,
 To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
 The same astonishment will seize us all.

† The Consolation.

What then must pain us, would preserve us now.
 Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late: Lorenzo!
 Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
 That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee.
 For, what, my small philosopher! is hell?
 'Tis nothing, but full knowledge of the truth,
 When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
 And calls Eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
 And sacred silence whisp'ring truths divine,
 And truths divine converting pain to peace,
 My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
 And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
 Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
 Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
 Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes;
 'Tis pride, to praise her; penance, to perform.
 To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
 Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
 An hour, when heav'n's most intimate with man;
 When, like a falling star, the ray divine
 Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
 And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
 Which sets that title high, within thy reach.
 Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
 Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
 When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
 When Tinté, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
 Plucking the pillars that support the world,
 In nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
 And Midnight, universal Midnight! reigns.



FINIS.

